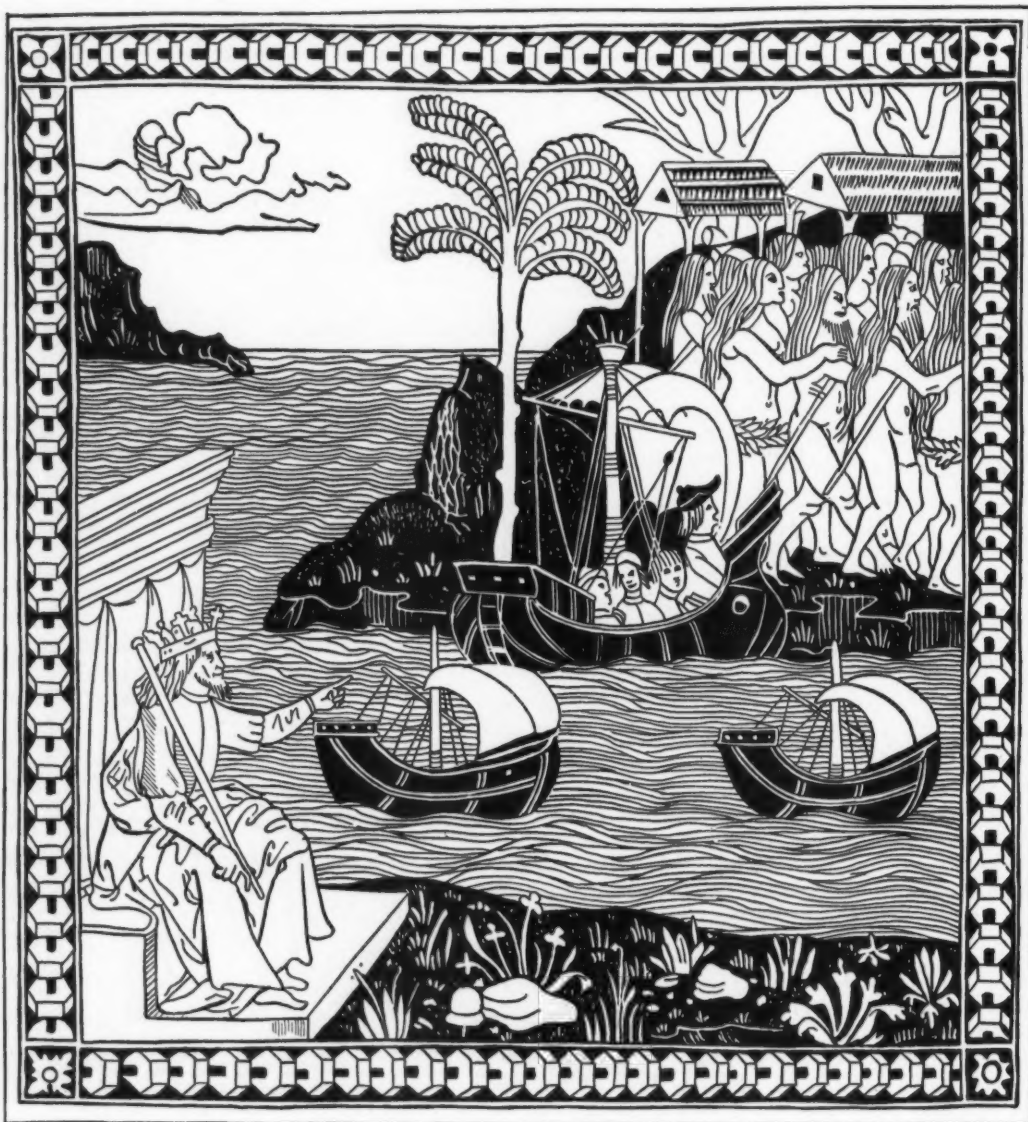


*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*October 1936* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





COURTESY ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

## The Discovery

*This woodcut, made in Italy in 1493, is the first picture version of Columbus' voyage of discovery. It shows him sailing to America with his three ships, at the command of the King*



"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS," EDNA POTTER, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

## In the Footsteps of Columbus

CHARLOTTE KETT

Illustrations by Edna Potter and the Author

**N**OBODY knows just when or where Columbus was born. Italy, Corsica, and Spain all claim him, and the date is uncertain. But on a lonely, windswept point on the south coast of Spain, half-hidden among pine trees and palms, stands the ancient honey-colored Monastery of La Rábida where the brown-frokked friars of St. Francis have their own way of settling the argument.

About the middle of the 1400's, a son may have been born to a humble wool-weaver of Genoa and named Cristoforo; but Columbus, the Great Discoverer, first stepped into history one evening late in 1484 when a weary traveler in poor clothing, leading a tired small boy by the hand, knocked at their monastery door begging a cup of water and a hunch of bread for his son.

A stocky stone pillar, domed at the top, marks the monastery entrance. It has three steps at its base. Here Columbus and little Diego, his son, rested while the door-keeper fetched the refreshment. "This pillar," the friars now tell you, their eyes twinkling, "marks the birthplace of Columbus." For his sitting here led directly to his discovering America.

As the two travelers sat there, the Prior, Juan Perez, a kindly, talkative old man, chanced to pass by. He saw at once that this well-built man and his little boy were no ordinary beggars. There was something in the dignity of the man's bearing, something in the keen gaze of the gray eyes, that made the old Prior stop to question

him. Though nobody knew it, this was a turning point in world history.

We do not know just what these two said to each other, but we can imagine the scene. The old Prior must have asked if they had a long journey before them, and Columbus might have answered that the worst part was behind them. They had come from Portugal, and were on their way to Huelva, just across the Rio Tinto, to seek out the boy's aunt, Senora Violante Muliartes, a Portuguese lady who had married a Spaniard. The boy's mother had died, and the father hoped to leave the child with his aunt so as to be free to carry out certain plans of his own.

Did the Holy Friar think they could find someone to ferry them over the river this evening—or was it too late?

Prior Perez liked the man's voice, and the way his whole face lighted up when he spoke of his plans. The Prior was, besides, a most hospitable soul. Crossing over was not to be thought of, after such a long journey! They were to put up at the Monastery that night. The outcome of that was that Diego never went to live with his Aunt Violante Muliartes.

The travelers supped that evening in the long, clean refectory of the friars. Here Columbus discovered an old friend, a man he had known in Portugal, Friar Antonio de Marchena, who was a great student of science. It was a most happy encounter. The weary man already felt rested and cheered.

After the last prayers for the day had been

chanted, little Diego, who could hardly keep his eyes open now, was put to bed in a low, narrow cot. But his father sat late with his new-found friends, explaining his Great Idea—an idea that had been taking shape in his head for ten years. He believed that he could reach the East by sailing *west—because the world was round!*

The stranger talked well on his subject. He had recently been obliged to prepare himself very thoroughly to present it to a council of three learned men whom the King of Portugal had commissioned to look into this sea-captain's claims. But, after listening to Columbus, these three learned men had advised the King to have nothing to do with the scheme.

So here he was, perfectly sure in his own mind that he was a discoverer with new lands up his sleeve. He only needed a sovereign to finance the trip abroad and to lay claim to what he would find. King John of Portugal had headed his list; that name was struck off. There remained then the monarchs of Spain, England, and France. He intended to try each in turn—in fact, he had already sent his brother, Bartholomew, to England to feel out the ground.

Marchena thought the scheme a reasonable one. His study of geography and astronomy made him think that it was well worth a trial. And the fine, adventurous spirit in Juan Perez had not been deadened by his years. Living as he did but two short miles from the busy port of Palos, he knew a good many captains and men of the sea; he had heard tales of far parts of the world, of islands newly discovered, of tropical coasts unexplored. Who knew what unrevealed wonders might lie just beyond? He also understood inspiration, and was pure enough in his heart not to belittle it. When Columbus declared that he felt divinely appointed to do this piece of work, the Prior believed him absolutely.

Now Juan Perez knew Queen Isabella of Spain very well. He knew her fine mind, her great heart, her extraordinary spirit of enterprise as few others did, for he had been her confessor. Of all the monarchs of Europe, Isabella was, he thought, the one most likely to take an interest in so daring an undertaking. Her husband, Ferdinand, might prove a stumbling block. But Isabella was Queen of Castile in her own right; she and Ferdinand ruled Spain as royal partners; she could make a decision like this for herself, if she wished. All things considered, it

would be best to interest some of the wealthy nobles first. That would pave the way to the royal presence, and perhaps help solve the question of finance. So, agreeing to take good care of Diego, Prior Perez and the learned Marchena sent their friend off with letters of introduction to influential people at court.

This was, however, the worst possible moment to peddle new worlds in Spain. For eight long centuries the country had been overrun by the Moors, and at last, Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand were slowly but surely driving them out. With all their energies given up to this task, it was difficult for these monarchs, with the best will in the world, to find time for a foreigner whose only claims to fame were his visionary ideas and his phenomenal persistence.

Nevertheless, adventure was in the air in those days, and this foreigner was a convincing sort of fellow. His ideas ought to be looked into, they thought. So, though intensely occupied with their last siege, their Majesties appointed a commission of learned men, the Council of Salamanca, to investigate Columbus' plan.

The men on this Council were not easily convinced. One of their objections was put forward in these words: "Is there anyone so foolish as to believe that there are men in the antipodes with their feet opposite to ours, people who walk with

their heels upward, and their heads hanging down? That there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy: where the trees grow with their branches downwards, and where it rains, hails, and snows upward?"

Others pointed out that if a ship were to slide down "that great curving hill of the sea"—which might be easy enough—it could never get back, for the roundness of the earth would be like a steep mountain up which no ship could climb.

Once again a learned commission sent in an unfavorable report, and Ferdinand and Isabella, their treasuries already depleted by costly wars, said they could not support the efforts of this would-be discoverer.

So that was that! Columbus decided to go on to France. But first he must see Diego—he was a big boy now, twelve years old. Columbus made this journey on foot.

For a second time, footsore and discouraged, he sought refuge in the quiet patios of La Rábida.

No sooner was he among his old friends than



"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,"  
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his spirits revived. Here they believed in him!

Prior Perez was amazed to learn that Spain was about to let this opportunity slip through her fingers. Feeling that the honor must be preserved for his own country at all costs, he made a personal appeal to the Queen. His letter was a pivotal point in American history, but we do not know what it said. We only know that a pilot, Sebastian Rodriguez, carried it to the Queen at Granada—the Spanish Court moved about from one city to another in those days—and returned to Palos in the incredibly short time of two weeks.

Joy! The Queen, in friendly terms, summoned her former Father Confessor to court. But Juan Perez was too old to make the journey on foot like Rodriguez; he needed a mule. He was luckily able to borrow one from a man in the town beyond Palos, and set out that very night to plead his friend's cause with the Queen.

Perez's belief in Columbus was so sure, and the reasons he gave why Spain should support him were so convincing, that his zeal outweighed King Ferdinand's apathy; and Queen Isabella, far-seeing woman that she was, resolved to back the venture personally, even if it meant selling her jewels. However, Ferdinand's treasurer, Santangel, a rich Jew, came forward gracefully at this point and said he would be glad to lend money for Columbus to equip three vessels so that he might "go and make discoveries and prove true the words he had spoken."

It is startling to think that after those seven tedious years of waiting, Columbus, once he set sail, took less than three months to "prove true the words he had spoken." And the whole cost of the enterprise was just over one and a half million *maravedis*, or \$7,500, about the price of a first-class car in Spain today. Of course, though, money went farther in those days than it does now.

How, after Perez's return, Columbus was financed by money from the Queen, rode to court in splendid new clothes, there drove a hard bargain, became Don Cristobal and Admiral of All the Ocean Seas, and arranged for Diego to be brought up at court as a page, is a tale in itself. We will not follow him on that journey, but will look for him when he comes back to La Rábida and Palos to set to work on the innumerable details connected with finding and fitting three



*Palos and La Rábida. Since the times of Columbus, the harbor of Palos has silted full of sand, and is no longer used*

ships, and enlisting their crews for the voyage.

The most influential people in the shipping business in Palos were the Pinzóns. The three Pinzón brothers were enthusiastic about the scheme. Without the aid of these business men Columbus would have faced an impossible task; even with it, matters were hard enough. To get sufficient men willing to risk their lives, prisoners had to be let out of jail and quay-side loafers pressed into service by royal decree.

From here on every school child knows the story—how three ships were found, the *Santa Maria*, a three-masted vessel of 100-tons burden, and the two little caravels, the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, both open to the wash of the waves, save for small decks fore and aft.

In Columbus' ship sailed fifty-two men, in the *Pinta* were nineteen, in the *Niña* eighteen.

It is a moving experience to stand in the little church of St. George in Palos today, beneath the delicate wrought-iron pulpit from which the last words of encouragement were spoken on August 2, 1492, to that mixed lot of heroes and brigands about to set out into the unknown. For nearly half of them, that was their last sermon.

A mile or so to the west, at La Rábida, brown-froked friars walk quietly on sandaled feet to



*The monastery La Rábida. Columbus rested at the foot of the round pillar in the foreground*

show you, with the unhurried courtesy of Spain, the room where Columbus slept, the room containing his inkstand and his lantern. And outside, they point out the plinth where he first rested with little Diego. "This stone pillar marks the birthplace of the Discoverer," they like to repeat their little joke, justly proud of the part their lonely Monastery has played in world history.

Across the Rio Tinto, within sight of the Monastery, lies one more souvenir of the Discoverer—his ship, the *Santa Maria*. It is not the real one, of course—that went to pieces off the coast of Haiti, on Christmas Eve, 444 years

ago—but another just like it. She looks gallant and spirited, sweeping magnificently from her high fore-castle in the bow to her high poop astern. Black in the hulk, she has red trimmings and a scarlet crow's nest aloft in the rigging.

Not till one goes on board does one see how pitifully small the *Santa Maria* is—only 90 feet in length with a 20-foot beam. How fifty-two men lived in those cramped quarters for weeks is a marvel. Small wonder they mutinied!

The fore-castle is furnished as it was in Columbus' time, with a high box bed for the Admiral, a table, a chair, an earthenware jug, a lantern, a compass, and an astrolabe—a simple in-

strument which the Arabs invented for calculating the sun's altitude and determining latitude.

We mount to the small upper deck in the bow and shade our eyes from the glitter of the setting sun on the great Ocean Sea of Columbus, now the Atlantic. Nothing obstructs our view over the limitless sea. Those primitive nautical instruments are still in our minds, the planks of the small vessel creak beneath our feet; suddenly there is a lump in our throats—is it of admiration or wonder?—as we think of that little band of unwilling men who set sail from this port 444 years ago to change the whole world's view of geography and alter the whole course of history.

## Matteo's Parade

LOUISE E. BALDWIN

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

IT was four o'clock, and Matteo had not yet come home. Mrs. Botta thrust her head out of the window. "Luisa, Luisa!" Her voice echoed against the buildings in the narrow street.

Luisa, playing on the curbing with little Marta, looked up.

"Luisa, where is that brother of yours?"

Luisa shrugged and shook her head. She wished she knew. It was not half so much fun to play on the streets with the other children who lived on their block, as it was to go round the North End with Matteo. But mama did not know. She thought Matteo was lazy. Luisa looked up. Mama was leaning out the window and fixing the gay vines that twisted over the iron balcony. Mama's balcony was the pride of the tenement.

[38]

"Where is that Matteo?" mama murmured. "Never will he amount to anything like his father who was the finest glovemaker in Naples."

Poor papa. He had indeed done beautiful work in leathers in his beloved Napoli, but in America, in Boston, he had only been able to find work in a color factory. Here the intense heat of the dyeing rooms and the cold weather had made him ill their first winter in the new country. When spring came and the flowers opened their pretty eyes, papa had closed his and gone to sleep. But he never woke up. So mama and sister Benedetta now had to work.

Mama sighed and leaned farther out the window. There was a new note in the rumble of the city. At the end of the street was a tiny square filling up with people.

"Luisa, Luisa," shrilled mama. "What happens?"

But Luisa, with Marta, had gone to see. The two children squirmed their way into the triangular square.

"Oh!" cried Luisa, "a wedding and Matteo!"

Sure enough, there he stood holding the handle of the rear door of the auto which waited before the church. His clothes were dirty, a bit ragged, and there were several smudges of dirt across his rather plain face, but his dark eyes were glowing like two candles. Fascinated, Luisa watched him close the door upon the bride and groom.

There was a great roar, and the car passed quickly through the dark, narrow street.

Suddenly the three children were alone in the square.

"How'd you know there was a wedding?" said Luisa. Marta grasped Matteo's hand and laughed happily.

"I didn't know," said the boy. "I just happened to be here."

It was always so. That Matteo, he was so lucky. He had a second sense, that one, and always he found the right place at the right time. But nobody knew except Luisa and Marta, who was too little to count. Some day, though, mama and Benedetta and everyone would know that Matteo did amount to something.

The children hurried home to see why mama wanted Matteo. Outside their tenement stood a number of women and boys and girls talking excitedly. The Botta children found that they were talking about Luigi Cameratta. He had cut his foot on broken glass at the park playground that morning.

"And like that," cried a woman snapping her fingers, "he is poisoned all over, and to the hospital they have taken him."

It was terrible, that playground on the waterfront. Broken glass on the ground, and even on the beach. Last week, when a branch from one of the trees had crashed to the ground, a little girl's arm had been broken.

There was no other place off the streets for the children to play.

"Marta cut her finger there on a piece of glass this morning," said Luisa. Marta proudly held up a finger wrapped in a dirty bandage.

Mama cried out as she looked at it. What was it they had said? Dirt had poisoned Luigi's foot?

Mama picked up Marta, and they all rushed upstairs to take care of the finger. Mama washed and cleaned it and put on a salve she had brought from Italy. The cut was a bit pink, but not sore or inflamed.

Marta's eyes were bright, and the little face under the curly red hair was pink and healthy. They all sighed with relief.

"I do not like this country," said mama. "Soon we shall go back."

Luisa and Matteo were frightened. They did not want ever to leave Boston. Matteo did not want to be a maker of gloves like his father. He wanted to study in schools.

Then mama remembered why she had wanted Matteo, and sent the children to market for meat and onions and red and green peppers. Matteo was the sharp one for buying. He would chatter in Italian, or rattle along in English. Then he'd wheedle or plead or bluster, and come away each time with a big package for a little money.

As the children turned into Blackstone Street, the din of the Saturday market rose sharply. Push-carts lined one side of the street, and horses and wagons the other. Jostling, jabbering folk filled the center. Marta stumbled over the cobblestones, as she clung tightly to Matteo's hand.

They bought their onions and peppers, and turned the corner to the open butcher shop which had a counter right alongside the narrow sidewalk. Luisa swung her arms to scatter the flies which clustered over the meats.

Dainty Marta wrinkled her tiny nose and said, "Bad smell!" Both Matteo and Luisa laughed, but they were glad themselves to leave the strong-smelling meat shops behind.

Then they went to look for Joe Maiori. Joe had a pushcart stand on Salem Street. He saved melons that shrewd buyers refused, and cut out the good pieces for his little friends. After eating some melon, the children went home.

The next morning, the Botta family went to the little church in North Square which mama said was like her church in Naples. Luisa and Matteo prayed for Luigi with his poisoned foot and for the girl with the broken arm.

"Now," said Luisa to Matteo after church, "let's go into all the churches 'round here and pray for Luigi."

"Don't you think one church and one prayer is enough?" asked Matteo hesitatingly.

"No," said Luisa.

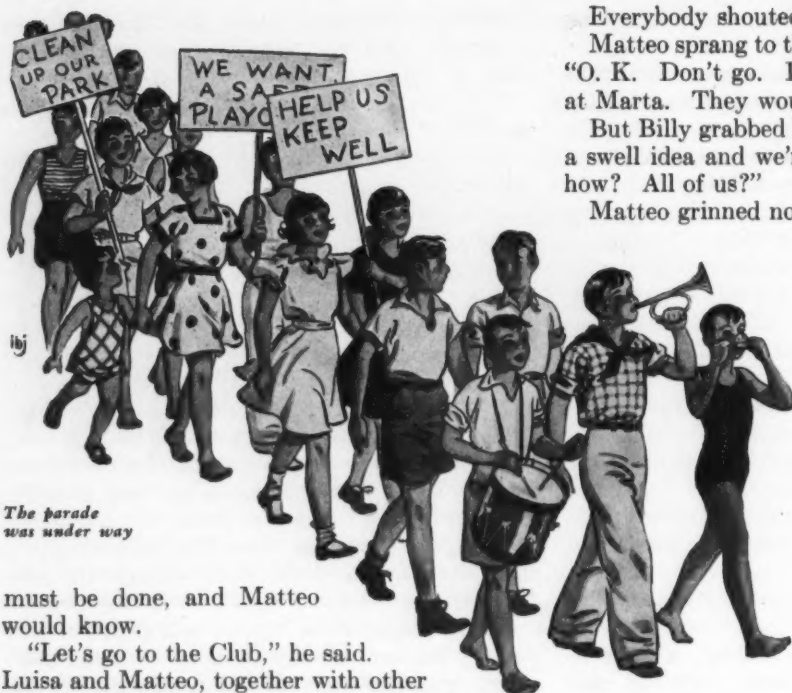
Matteo sighed, but perhaps Luisa, being a girl, knew better about such things. So this time Matteo followed Luisa's lead.

On Monday they learned that Luigi might not live.

"All because that playground is never kept clean," exclaimed Matteo, his dark eyes smouldering. "We must do something. Why, it might have been our Marta!"

Luisa hugged Marta and waited. Something





*The parade was under way*

must be done, and Matteo would know.

"Let's go to the Club," he said. Luisa and Matteo, together with other children in the neighborhood, belonged to a club called the Lords and Ladies of the Round Table. Here they had meetings around their one piece of furniture, a round table.

Matteo hurried along. Luisa's heart beat fast. She knew by his eager look and quick stride that Matteo had an idea. Luisa was content to follow. Oh, it was fun to follow Matteo, and she only wished mama knew. Some day, if they stayed in America, mama would be proud of Matteo.

There were other children at the club, some carrying babies or pulling along younger brothers and sisters who as yet were only honorary members. Matteo sent club messengers scurrying, and soon a number of Lords and Ladies had gathered.

"Listen," began Matteo Botta. "Something must be done about our playground. It's not safe. Other branches may be ready to fall, and the glass Luigi cut his foot on is still there. Lots of us play there in our bare feet."

Many of the Lords and Ladies wiggled their toes and looked at scars just visible on grimy soles.

"What can we do?" asked Billy, the club leader.

"Well, everybody knows how bad our playground is, but nobody'll do anything. I think we should go," Matteo paused dramatically, "to the Mayor."

"Aw, he don't have time for us."

"You're crazy!"

Everybody shouted at once.

Matteo sprang to the door, brown eyes blazing. "O. K. Don't go. I'll go alone." Luisa pulled at Marta. They would go, too.

But Billy grabbed Matteo's arm. "Wait. It's a swell idea and we're with you. We'll go, but how? All of us?"

Matteo grinned now. "Sure. We'll march to his office. We'll have a parade."

A parade! That was a wonderful idea. And a band! Philip had a drum and Billy a bugle. Someone else had a harmonica.

"Let's go through Newspaper Row," suggested one boy who was a newsie. "Maybe we'll get our picture in the paper."

"We've got to have banners and posters," said Matteo, so the boys collected sticks

and pieces of cardboard from the gutters, or begged them from show windows. Then they printed in big, scrawly letters these signs:

We want a safe playground  
Clean up our park  
Help keep us well  
We're the Lords and Ladies  
of the Round Table

When the signs were finished, the Lords and Ladies gathered outside in the street. Billy leaned out the club window trying to count them.

"Everyone's here," he shouted.

Matteo, flushed and tall, waved his arm. The drum boomed, the bugle blew and skipped and blew again. The parade was under way! It stretched from curb to curb as it went up Hanover Street and down Newspaper Row.

The afternoon sun beat down on the pavements. Luisa was glad she wasn't barefoot, but she did wish she had on only a bathing suit like Mary and some of the others. She held Marta up to see Matteo as, like a real traffic officer, he stopped a long line of autos as Billy led the parade two by two up City Hall Avenue.

Then there they all were at City Hall, and Matteo and Billy asked for Mr. Mayor. Two huge policemen blocked the entrance. They swept the parade out upon the lawn, while Mat-



teo and Billy and another boy went in to see the Mayor.

Luisa could hardly wait. What was happening inside? At last the three boys came out. With them was a tall man, and behind him were some others. Everyone was smiling, and Luisa nearly burst with pride to see that the tall man had his arm around Matteo's shoulders. For the tall man was the Mayor of the City of Boston.

The parade shouted even before they knew what had happened.

"Kids," cried Matteo, the boy orator, as the newspapers called him next day. "Kids, everything's O. K. Our playground will be cleaned up. The Mayor says so." Luisa beamed; the parade cheered.

Then the Mayor made a little speech and gave the boys and girls two big pictures of George Washington for their clubrooms. The parade cheered again.

"Now let's sing something," said the Mayor. They tried "Sweet Adeline," and "Happy Days Are Here Again," but they didn't do very well. "How about 'O Sole Mio,' " he suggested. This time everyone sang lustily.

A young man stood at the side of the group on the steps. He was smiling. Timidly Luisa went up and pulled at his coat.

"Hello," he said.

"Matteo's my brother," said Luisa with shy pride.

"He is? Well, he's a nice lad."

"Oh," cried Luisa. "Do you think he'll amount to something? Mama doesn't. But she doesn't know."

The young man laughed.

"I think," he said heartily, "that Matteo is a fine boy. Perhaps some day he'll be Mayor of Boston himself!"

This idea did not surprise Luisa at all. Just then Matteo saw her. "Luisa," he began frowning.

But everything was too exciting to be angry, for had not he, Matteo, talked with the Mayor?

"That Luisa follows me everywhere, but she's a good kid," he explained.

Marta tugged at the young man's leg. She wanted attention, too. The young man swung her up to his shoulder. A newspaper camera clicked, and then it was time for the parade to go home.

When the club was reached, the boys went upstairs to hang the pictures of George Washington. It was a proud moment.

Outside, Luisa stopped to buy two pink, baked crabs with the money the young man had slipped into her pocket. Luisa and Marta walked slowly home sucking the sweet claws.

"Luisa," called mama. "Where is that Matteo? Never is he home. Never will he amount to anything like his poor papa."

"But, mama," shouted Luisa, as she half dragged Marta up the steps, "Matteo has talked with the Mayor!"

The story of the parade flew round the neighborhood. Everyone praised Matteo. To all mama nodded wisely while Benedetta smiled proudly.

"Oh, yes!" said mama. "It was to the Mayor himself Matteo talked. Matteo, he is just like his papa. Always I knew he would amount to something in this fine country where we make our new home."

Whenever mama said that Luisa laughed happily and Matteo's eyes were like two candles.

Then Matteo would go out to the playground. Luisa, taking Marta's hand followed after, for wherever Matteo went, things happened. And that was fun.



*The Lords and Ladies wiggled their toes*



"The Gentleman" overlooks Arequipa

COURTESY GRACE LINE

## Up in Peru

MARGARET LORING THOMAS

**A**FTER leaving the steamer at Mollendo, on the southern coast of Peru, the train takes us across the Atacama Desert to the oasis city of Arequipa. From the car window of the train puffing up the mountainside we look down on the vast rolling Pacific Ocean which seems to be basted to the sandy beach by a thread of white surf.

A passenger points to a black speck moving along the beach, and says, "That's a condor."

The train carries us into one of the driest regions in the world. Not even cactus grows here. Late in the afternoon we meet the Crescent Sand Dunes, which started their journey at the other end of the desert before Columbus discovered America.

The wind blowing steadily in one direction, from the south, lifts up the sand to the top of the dune, like a wave in the sand, dropping it on the far side, and in time shaping it into a crescent. This rising and falling of the sand moves the dunes at the rate of a foot a week or fifty feet a year.

We watch the sun sink in a blaze of crimson, purple, and gold, and feel the bitter cold of the night come down upon us. Nothing grows cold so quickly as the sands of the desert, where there are neither grass, trees, nor clouds to hold the heat after the sun has gone down.

Late at night when we leave the train at Arequipa, a city founded by the Spaniards more

than three hundred years ago, we see the great cathedral towers, the churches, and the plazas flooded with the silver light of the full moon, and stars as bright as little moons. Palms and eucalyptus trees wave above the high white garden walls. The bolted iron grills and massive wooden doors studded with ancient nails close the passageways to the patios of the old houses.

Our taxi driver rouses the porter at a *pensión*, as the South Americans call a small private hotel. It is late, but the kindly Indian cook gives us a five-course dinner. It is really enough for three dinners that she sets before us. Our dessert is *quaque sopa*, which is her way of saying rolled oats. This dessert is thin enough for soup, but the cook expects us to be pleased with what is considered a delicious North American pudding. We much prefer a South American dessert, *panqueque*, a pancake made by pouring a thin custard mixture on caramelized sugar and rolling it up like a jelly roll. This is really delicious.

Faint puffs of smoke rise from the cone of the volcano, El Misti, the Gentleman, who watches the city while the people sleep, tradition says.

We are shown to our room and sleep soundly beneath its high, domed ceiling. An iron grill and wooden shutters close the window, but no glass. We are wakened by the *mozo* who comes in the morning bringing trays with pitchers of

chocolate, and rolls wrapped in white napkins. The *mozo* is the man-of-all-work, who does everything or nothing. If anything is to be done, the *mozo* is called. If anything is not done, "Where is the *mozo*?"

In the bright morning sunshine we see the details of our patio which were lost last night in the moonlight. A sago palm, a pink geranium twined about its shaggy trunk, grows in the center of a grass plot, bordered by calla lilies. Around the edge of the lilies a little irrigation ditch brings water for the lilies and grass.

In the second patio, a gray parrot chained to his perch under a blossoming oleander in the midst of feathery green ferns growing in tubs, greets or scolds us in untranslatable screams. A red rose climbs up the broad stairway leading to the roof where we find a great fat turkey in one coop, and several chickens in another. There are piles of potatoes and yellow squash near by.

Water piped down from the snow-capped Andes, ten miles and more away, runs into a tank walled into the space under the stairway which leads to the roof. Soft green mosses and ferns growing in the miniature rock garden against the wall behind the tank, form a niche where a little wooden saint with blue-painted, gold-spangled robe and pink cheeks seems to smile when the sun shining on the water casts a rippling reflection across her face.

In a South American city as large as Arequipa, every day is market day, not only once or twice a week as in small towns and villages. Early every morning, Indian men, women, and children come down from the mountains and up from the warm valleys, laden with vegetables, fruits, and flowers, furs, shawls, and anything which they have made or grown in their gardens.

Some take their places behind counters in stalls in the large market building. Many sit along the edge of the sidewalk with their wares. Flower sellers like to sit near the cathedral ready to tempt the ladies coming from Mass.

We cross a high bridge over the River Chile, the river which brings water down from the snow mountains to make this part of the desert an oasis. A mile or so beyond the bridge we come to the abandoned observatory built by Harvard University. Here a group of scientists came to photograph the Southern Cross and other stars of the South.

A few miles farther away from the city the steam of hot springs rises from the ground near a group of bath houses.

Sunday afternoon, in Latin America, is the

great time for recreation, family reunions, and festivities, such as baptisms and weddings. One of the most popular festivities is a trip to the plaza, which is the center of community life.

Managers of the cafés set little gaily painted chairs and tables out on the sidewalks or in the plaza; a band or an orchestra plays. Families gather around the tables, order coffee or chocolate, and sip it as slowly as possible in order to have an excuse for sitting in the chairs.

While the band plays, the girls dressed in their best clothes, walk around the plaza in one direction, and the young men, equally proud of their best clothes, walk around the plaza in the opposite direction, in order to look at the girls.

Fathers and mothers, grandmothers and grandfathers, sitting at the tables, watch their children with keen eyes and call them back to the family table if they seem to be giving away too many friendly smiles. Many of the fathers and mothers still believe that they are better at matchmaking than their children.

When the chill of darkness comes, the parents hurry their children back to the seclusion of the patios and high-walled gardens where oranges turn gold on the trees, beneath waxy green leaves and white blossoms.



COURTESY GRACE LINE

Flower sellers sit near the cathedral to tempt the ladies coming from Mass





*Tillamook. The top of a breeches buoy, used to unload supplies from visiting ships, just shows above the spray*

COURTESY U. S. BUREAU OF LIGHTHOUSES

## Beacons on Rock and Reef

RUPERT SARGENT  
HOLLAND

timbers and better design than the first.

For forty years it defied the sea. Then on a December night in 1755 a fire broke out in the lantern, and the flames,

**I**N THE summer of 1696 the crew of a French privateer, combing the English Channel for enemy ships, saw a strange sight in the waters fourteen miles south of Plymouth. On a surf-swept ledge a dozen men were drilling holes in the solid granite. The French captain sent a boat to the reef, and, finding that the workmen were English, seized them as prisoners of war in spite of their explanation that they were only building a lighthouse.

When word of the capture was brought to the French king, he declared: "I am at war with England, but not with humanity; set these men free."

The builders went back to the granite ledge—where even in the calmest weather the sea eddied so violently that the reef was called the Eddystone—and, after spending a year in drilling holes and fastening irons in them to anchor the tower, completed their timber lighthouse in four years more.

The structure looked like a Chinese pagoda, but its architect, Henry Winstanley, was so proud of it that he said he would like to be in the tower "in the greatest storm that ever blew." Three years later he was making some repairs to the timbers when a November gale swept the Channel, tore the lighthouse from its anchors, and drowned him and five other men.

The sea roared in triumph over the twisted iron rods, and soon afterwards an English ship, the *Winchelsea*, was trapped on the reef and battered to pieces while most of her crew perished. A beacon must mark the Eddystone; and so a second lighthouse was built, of stronger

fanned by a high wind, swirled quickly down to the base. The keepers clung to the crags at the foot, where they were drenched by surf, licked by flames, and rained on by boiling lead, as the metal in the lantern melted high above them. Finally they were rescued by Plymouth boatmen who had seen the pillar of fire far across the sea.

A third lighthouse was begun the next year and built entirely of stone. The light in the lantern was furnished by tallow candles that gave an illumination of sixty-seven candlepower. For one hundred and twenty years this beacon stood before the sea undermined its base so that its walls shook; then it was taken down and a fourth lighthouse was built, with a massive iron cylinder for its foundation that would break the mightiest surf into harmless spray. That tower, standing in one of the most used ship lanes of the seven seas and equipped with an oil vapor lamp that casts a light of 292,000 candlepower, is the most famous lighthouse in the world, the Eddystone.

You remember that, in Robert Southey's poem, Sir Ralph the Rover cut away the bell that the good Abbot of Aberbrothok had placed in a buoy on the Inchcape Rock. This rock was the summit of a sunken ledge twelve miles off the east coast of Scotland, and there, many years after the Abbot's day, men started to build a lighthouse to protect ships sailing in or out of the busy Firth of Tay. At every tide the top was covered by twelve feet of water, so that the builders could only work in the short interval between the ebbing and rising tides. So difficult



was it to make an anchorage on that jagged reef, littered with the cargoes of countless wrecked vessels, that it was a year before the first stone of the lighthouse could be laid. Then on the Bell Rock the tower rose one hundred feet high, and its lantern has shone ever since above the perilous knob where the Abbot hung his bell.

On the granite crags of the Skerryvore Rock, off the west coast of Scotland and ten miles from the nearest land, at least one ship crashed every year until a beacon crowned its summit. For shelter, the Skerryvore builders fastened a wooden barracks to the rock, forty feet above the sea; but a gale blew this away, fortunately when there was no one in it. Some protection the men must have, so they built another barracks; and in this for months they were wakened at night by the waves that broke above the roof, the water that cascaded through the seams of doors and windows, and the rocking of the walls and floor, until they would flee for safety down a ladder to the ledge at the base of the rock and there huddle and shiver in the wind-lashed surf.

As courageous as the builders were those who tended the lanterns in the towers on lonely rocks. William Darling was the keeper of the Longstone Light, on the outermost point of the Farne Islands, which lie off the east coast of England near the border of Scotland. With the keeper lived his wife and daughter Grace, a girl who had known no other home than the tower in her twenty-one years. At dusk on September 6, 1838, the three people in the lighthouse saw the *Forfarshire*, laboring in the teeth of a gale between the Farne rocks and the beetling shore.

All through the night the watchers in the tower wiped the spray from the lantern and peered through the dark for a glimpse of the ship. At daybreak they saw the steamer pounding on a reef and some men clinging to a ledge. William Darling could not possibly row the

lighthouse boat by himself in such a sea as was running; but his daughter pleaded with him to let her help, and the two of them launched the boat. Through seas that every moment threatened to capsize them, Grace Darling and her father rowed to the ledge and took four men and a woman from that hazardous perch safely to the lighthouse. Afterwards the keeper and the rescued men managed to save four others.



*An old print of the first stone lighthouse built on the Eddystone*

COURTESY U. S. BUREAU OF LIGHTHOUSES

A score of years after Winstanley had completed his ill-fated tower in the English Channel the first lighthouse in the American colonies rose in Boston Harbor, and its history was as eventful as that of the Eddystone. The colonists built it, but when the British occupied Boston early in the Revolution, they used the light to guide their ships. Therefore some bold Americans rowed out to the tower, burned the timbers, and carried away the lamps. The British began rebuilding at once, but had not quite finished when another American expedition landed on the island, overpowered the sentries, destroyed the new work, and made prisoners of the builders.

Again the British captured the place, and this time held on to it with sufficient soldiers to complete the rebuilding and maintain the light. But when they sailed from Boston in 1776 they laid a train of powder that blew up the lighthouse one hour after the fleet departed. The Americans salvaged the lantern and used its metal for cannon balls. The tower built seven

years later has weathered the storms of more than a century.

Not so, however, the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge, southeast of Boston. On those dangerous reefs, two miles off Cohasset, forty ships were wrecked in nine years, and all of the crew on six of them were drowned. An iron tower was built on the ledge in 1850, the first lighthouse in the United States to stand on a rock in the open ocean. A year later an April hurricane struck the coast, and people in Cohasset, staring through the night, saw the lighthouse lantern flash at ten o'clock, then disappear. An hour after midnight they heard the bell ring above the storm. When day broke, the tower had vanished. The bell, set ringing as the lighthouse fell, had tolled a requiem for the two keepers.

Another lighthouse was built on Minot's Ledge. More than three years were spent in cutting the rock into proper shape and two years in drilling holes. But no workman was injured, for no man was employed who could not swim, no landing from a boat was allowed without the company of a second boat, and a boat with three men was always kept in the lee of the rock to rescue workers swept off by the surf.

In the Pacific Ocean, one mile from the coast of Oregon, and nineteen miles south of the entrance to the Columbia River, stands Tillamook, its precipitous sides reaching down more than one hundred feet below the water. Ship after ship had been tossed on that rock and hammered to bits. To build a lighthouse seemed impossible, even in the calmest weather.

Yet men set out to conquer Tillamook and light a beacon on its towering crest. After waiting six months for smooth water, the engineer in charge of the work and two assistants succeeded in rowing within stone's throw of the rock, only to find it encircled by impassable breakers. Day after day they tried to land, and finally, on the twelfth attempt, the two assistants gained a footing on the shore.

They had scarcely landed, however, when a horde of sea lions, furious at this invasion of their sanctuary, began to roar so loudly and shove against them so violently that the men immediately struck out through the surf to their boat. Then the chief engineer, not so easily daunted, managed to land. His only surveying instrument was a tapeline, but as quickly as he could he made measurements and jotted them down. The tide was rising rapidly and the boat would soon be trapped; so after a few minutes he swam out through the breakers and the three rowed to their ship. The next day the engineer tried to land again with more equipment, but his

foot slipped on a ledge and he was swept out to sea by a mighty comber and drowned.

Lighthouse builders are indomitable, and even that tragedy did not long halt their battle with the rock. The superintendent of construction and eight volunteers won a foothold, but were driven off by a wind that blew them from their feet. In calmer weather they landed again, but had no more than done so when seas began breaking over the summit, one hundred and twenty feet high; and there they had to stay for a day and night, soaked to the skin and deafened by the bellowing sea lions.

At last another plan was tried to land men and equipment. A breeches-buoy was rigged from the mast of a ship anchored off Tillamook to the top of the rock and made taut. Then, by a traveler running on a cable, men, tools, and supplies were carried to shore, though frequently the cable-rope sagged and the passengers were dragged a considerable distance under water.

The sea lions, still roaring defiance, made way for the invaders; but the winning of a foothold was only the first step toward the conquest of the rock. The builders must be sheltered on the steep ledges that constant rain and spray made as slippery as glass. Canvas tents were set up and lashed to ring-bolts in the open. Gales soon blew the tents away, and finally a timber barracks was built in the least exposed place and there the workmen spent the winter while they blasted the summit.

That winter, great seas hurtled across the rock crest and washed away the men's supply house with the store of food and drinking water; and during the height of that hurricane an English bark was driven on the coast and all aboard her were drowned within a mile of the ledges where the lighthouse builders were trying to keep a bonfire burning.

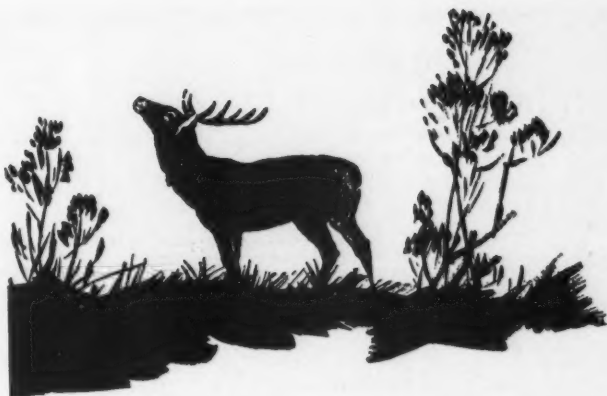
Tillamook Light was built at last. Five keepers tend the beacon, and their work at times is as hazardous and difficult as that of the men who conquered the rock. Winds have hurled against the lofty tower tons of stones that have broken the glass of the lantern and made holes in the iron roof of the fog-signal station and the dwelling of the keepers. Once a gale actually tore part of the rock itself away by bombarding it with boulders. Through that storm the keepers, faithful to their task though Tillamook split asunder, kept relighting the beacon each time it was extinguished by seas that smashed the lantern and almost drowned them.

By such heroic men have beacons been built and kept alight to guard seafarers from rock and reef and guide them safely into harbor.

# Something to Read

## BAMBI

Felix Salten: Simon & Schuster: \$2.50  
(Ages 8 to 15)



**B**AMBI is the story of a life in the woods.

Bambi himself was born in the middle of the thicket, in a forest glade screened on all sides by bushes. Before long he was following his mother about the forest trails. There were many interesting things to learn, but most mysterious of all to Bambi was the way his mother and the other deer referred to danger. When they came to an open meadow, Bambi wanted to run out, but his mother made him wait while she tested the air. "He may be out there," she said. The way she said it made Bambi afraid to ask who He was.

There were many delightful things to do and see in the forest. Bambi often played with his cousins. One day when he was alone, a noble old stag appeared before him magically, and then vanished silently into the woods. His size, his dignity, and his spreading antlers made a profound impression on Bambi. He stood speechless and rooted to the spot long after the stag had gone. Afterward, he found that he had seen the old Prince, the oldest and wisest stag in the forest.

As Bambi grew older, he saw the Prince more often. At first he was afraid to speak to him. But later, when he was old enough to have a mate, he was walking with her one evening, and met the old stag. Faline was terrified, and bleated out, "Oh! Oh! It's terrible to be so big!" But Bambi ignored her and determined to introduce himself. He approached, overcoming a desire to turn and run, yet filled at the same time with admiration. The stag raised his head and stared at Bambi, then gazed into the air over his head. Bambi wanted to address the Prince, but it suddenly occurred to him that it would not be polite of him to speak first. It would be rude to go away without saying anything, too. "Why doesn't he speak?" thought Bambi bitterly. "I suppose he is too haughty to notice anyone like me." The old Prince continued to gaze straight ahead. He was thinking, "How handsome he is, and how charming! But

I suppose I musn't stare. It might embarrass him. I would like to talk to him, but what would I say? I'm not used to it. I'd say something stupid, and no doubt he's very clever." He walked off, dissatisfied but majestic, leaving Bambi behind.

A few days later, Bambi heard Faline calling him. As he was hurrying to her, the old Prince suddenly stood before him and barred the way. "Please let me by," said Bambi. "Faline is calling me." "No, she isn't," said the stag. "But that's her voice!" Bambi exclaimed. "You are wrong. Follow me, and I will show you what it is," said the Prince. He led the way slowly, and glided through the thicket to the edge of a little clearing not far away. There He stood, erect and strange, making the sound that was so much like Faline's voice. Bambi shuddered, for he knew how easily He could kill with a sound like thunder. The old Prince had saved Bambi's life.

After that they became friends. The old stag had much cunning and wisdom that he taught to Bambi. One day he rescued friend Hare from a noose that He had set for him. Once when Bambi had stepped unsuspecting into the meadow and had been wounded by a terrific thunder clap, the old stag appeared beside him, urged him to his feet, and led him through a maze of circles, passing and repassing the place where he had fallen, until they were away and had left no clear track to follow.

As time went on, Bambi did not see his old friend so often. The squirrel remarked with surprise, "Really, you're beginning to get quite gray." One day in the forest he came on two little fawns, a brother and sister. They were speechless and quite overcome when they saw him with his spreading antlers. Bambi did not speak, but he thought, "That's a charming little fellow. I should like to be his friend when he gets to be a little older. Perhaps I shall." Then he glided into the forest.—C. E. W.



# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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*Under a dried leaf sounds the lonely note  
Of the last cricket, valiant, unafraid.  
His tiny bagpipe is the only tune  
Remembering summer, and how long she stayed.*

—ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

## OCTOBER SUGGESTIONS

THIS month, with school well under way, is the time to make long range plans for the Junior Red Cross program for the year. First of all, notice the suggestions for the month on the PROGRAM page. Then talk them over with each other. Be sure to plan for more than just local activities. You are missing some of the privileges of your membership if you don't reach out beyond your own community into the nation and the world.

You will notice on the back cover the announcement of the new Red Cross film. Maybe your school is equipped to run this film, which gives vivid pictures of last spring's great floods. So many Juniors helped then by contributing money for the victims of the disaster that thousands will take a special interest in the movie.

A great many schools have kept complete files of the NEWS for many years back and find them very useful to have, particularly if they have applied for the index that we circulate in mimeographed form for each year's files. Decide to keep a file this year and to get the index.

Nothing will help your safety program more than starting it off with a lively play. We have

[48]

such a play, written especially for us by Mildred Cornelius Tilley. It is called "The Search for Safety" and is full of action and catchy rhymes. Ask the Junior Red Cross Chairman of your local Chapter to get it for you, or, if there is no Junior Chairman, write to the headquarters of the American Red Cross in Washington, D. C., St. Louis, or San Francisco, according to where your school is located. A small fee for those who want to see the play might help swell the Service Fund.

## THE DESERT

Yvonne Holmes

Grade 3, Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y.

*My desert is not just a place of wide, open sand.  
It is a place where all my dreams come true.  
I like things like the desert  
That take me far away. Don't you?*

—New York State Education

## THE PROGRAM PICTURE

THECLA is wearing her gala costume and has borrowed an heirloom from her mother's bridal chest. It is an ornament of beaten gold in sun form. It is studded with semi-precious stones and dates from the tenth century.

In those wild days Thecla's ancestors were Vikings, sailing out from the inlets of Norway in their long boats to plunder the coasts of southern countries richer than their own. Much of the gold came from Ireland. But the Northmen found their way even into the Mediterranean.

Some settled in Sicily and southern Italy where they founded a kingdom and grew very rich and powerful.

Others returned home, taking with them spoils from the beautiful cities around the Mediterranean basin—vessels of gold and silver, woven fabrics, dates and figs, nuts and oil and wines, arm bands, necklaces and girdles encrusted with gems, such as never before had been seen in the North.

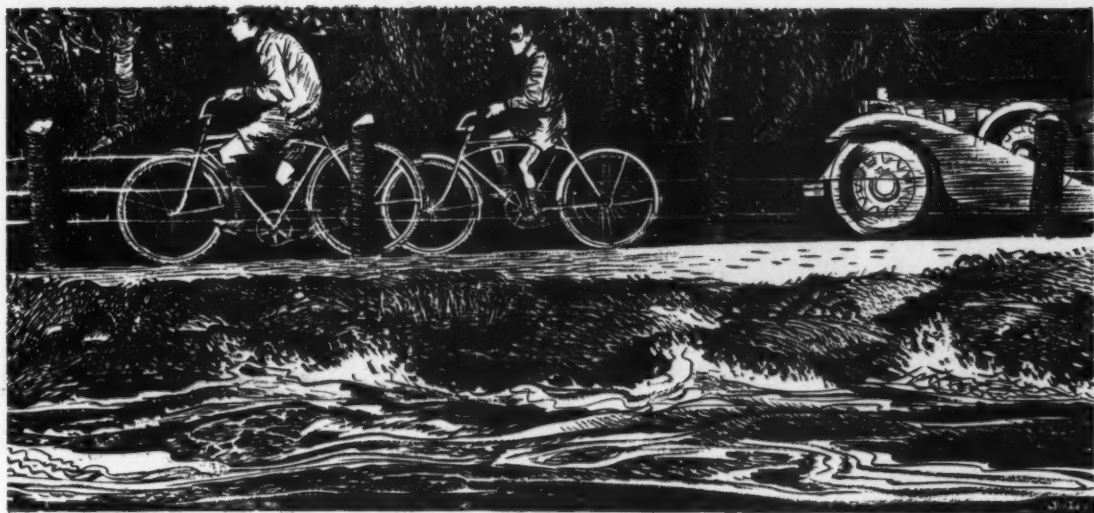
Thecla, a college girl in Oslo, passes daily one of those great Viking boats with a dragon prow, that was dug from a burial mound and is preserved in the Museum of the University.—A.M.U.

## PARTNERSHIP

A FLEA and an elephant walked side by side over a little bridge. Said the flea to the elephant after they had crossed it: "Boy, we sure did shake that thing."

—Reader's Digest





*The boys were pedaling along the highway beside a foaming river, its waters milk-white from melting glaciers*

## The Black Lake

MILDRED CRISS

Illustrations by Jacob Landau

**T**OURING Switzerland and northern Italy on a bicycle and climbing the Alps with his elder brother Peter, made Ronny feel as if he were facing the world as a man. He was twelve, and this was his first real adventure away from the watchful glances of father and mother. He felt extremely sure of himself, so sure, in fact, that he believed that he knew as much as anyone about climbing. After all, the Alps were just mountains, and hadn't he climbed any number of mountains at his grandmother's home in Vermont?

With all brakes set, Ronny had followed Peter down the snake-like road from the Grand Saint Bernard Pass and the Swiss frontier to the Italian valley of Aosta. Several times he had tried to call out cheerfully, "This is like Brown's hill, isn't it, only longer?" But he had not been able to speak. He had been scarcely able to catch his breath. His heart was in his throat, only of course he had not admitted this to Peter.

After the boys had reached the valley, and were pedaling along the highway beside the foaming river, its waters milk-white from melting glaciers, Ronny was silent. Every now and then he would look up at the alpine giants gleaming upon him with jagged teeth and icy brows. He tried to persuade himself that they were not so very much higher than the friendly, round-top mountains, all green, and blue, and

sunny about his grandmother's home. He whistled loudly to keep up courage.

By five in the afternoon he and Peter were trundling their bicycles up a steep path to a cluster of old stone houses called Fornier. They made their way through an assembly of goats, cows, pigs, chickens, and geese about a drinking trough in front of a bleak little *osteria*, or inn.

Here, a sturdy young Valdôtain—which means a native of the valley of Aosta—came up to them, bowed and asked, "Going to climb? Would you like a guide?"

"We're going to climb to the Black Lake," Ronny replied. Then, after he thought a moment or two of words in French, he added, "But we don't need a guide. We climb mountains all the time at home in America, don't we, Peter?"

Peter knew that a guide would be necessary, so he took no notice of Ronny's remark and asked, "What's your name, and do you know the mountains around here?"

"My name's Battisti, and I've lived here all my life. My father's a guide, and I've learned from him all the passes that are safe to climb."

While his brother made arrangements about the time of starting, and the expenses, Ronny insisted over and over again, "But we don't need a guide, Peter. It would be much more fun without him. Come on, let's go by ourselves." To this Peter paid not the slightest attention.



"Going to climb? Would you like a guide?"

At four the next morning he and Ronny were following Battisti up the slopes of Mont By toward the shelter where the young Valdôtain lived. Here they were to have coffee before beginning the ascent.

When they had finished the coffee—it was so strong that it had made Ronny choke several times—and were leaving the shelter, Battisti began, "The Black Lake! It's a dark spot, you know. The sun never shines on the water because the surrounding walls are so high. It's a black pool in a pit of rock, and it's a place of tragedy."

"Why?" asked Ronny.

"I'll tell you," Battisti answered, "when we get there. You'll understand it better when you see the place."

After an hour's climb they had passed the fringes of forest and were out on the barren ledges.

Battisti was talking all the while of the storms and other terrors that sweep across the peaks, and Ronny was saying to himself, "Shucks, he thinks we've never seen a mountain. I'd like to show him we have."

After three hours more of hard climbing they reached the Black Lake.

Completely covered with black shadows from surrounding cliffs, it lay at the bottom of what

looked like a huge rock cauldron. Here and there, projecting from the steep sides, some enormous boulder, like a black ghost, appeared through the blowing clouds that seemed to boil above the water.

"Once, long ago," Battisti began, "two Americans tried to climb the side wall. No one can, you know, because the rock is the kind that crumbles. But they climbed just the same and they were both . . ."

Ronny interrupted, "You're going to say they were killed or something, but they must have been awfully stupid. Couldn't have known much about climbing."

"It's not that," Battisti explained. "It's the formation of the rocks. They crumble. No one dares to climb the walls about the Black Lake."

"Well, I dare," replied Ronny; "I'm not afraid of rocks. I climb them all the time in Vermont at my grandmother's."

"You can't climb these," Battisti said in a way which Ronny mistook for a "dare."

"Can't I? Wait and see!" he retorted with a grin, running from his brother and the young guide.

"Wait and see," he flung back over his shoulder, and up the sheer wall he went, clinging with his fingers and the toes of his boots to rough bits of stone and to crevices.

He had gone about forty feet and was about to reach a certain ledge which attracted him. Just once more he had to hoist himself. There was a deep cranny within reach. But he had no more than caught the edge of it when a big chunk of the rock above gave way and fell on his hand, pinning it fast.

As he had climbed he had loosened rocks from the wall and as they had fallen they had weakened whole portions of the crumbly black ledge. These were tumbling now in a thunderous rush to the lake.

Battisti knew that at any moment the side of the mammoth cauldron of rock might give way. If it did, Ronny would perish, and he and Peter would be crushed where they stood. "Run quickly! Go to the other side of the lake, mon-

sieur," he called to Peter. "I'll climb to your brother."

Above the awful rumble of falling stones, they heard Ronny cry out, "Don't try it, Battisti! You can't get to me! You'll be killed!"

"It's impossible to climb through that!" Peter, frozen from terror, stood gazing at the masses of falling rock.

"I'm going to climb the wall on the other side, and reach him from above." He snatched the rope from Battisti and rushed off along the dark shore.

Battisti had not heard a word that Peter had shouted. Ronny's cry, "Don't try it, Battisti! You can't get to me! You'll be killed," was ringing in his ears.

Battisti chose his moment and made a rush for an opening. He climbed swiftly until masses of stone came crashing almost upon him. Then he would fling himself to shelter beneath some solid boulder.

Once the boulder he chose gave way and he was just able to spring to one side as it plunged into the lake. Again and again his feet were caught in crushed stone, and more than once he lost his balance to stagger backward to the foot of the wall, only to begin the climb again.

Ronny cried out no longer. He was numb from pain and terror. He could no longer feel the rock which held him prisoner tremble as great pieces of the cauldron wall gave way, nor could he hear Battisti shouting, "I'm coming." Images of granite ledges in Vermont flashed before him. He saw himself climbing them faster than any of his friends could climb. How easy it had been! How different from the Black Lake! A small voice, which he could not recognize as his own, began to whisper, "This is Battisti's country. He knows more about it than you do. It's your own fault. There's nothing to do now but die and be brave about it."

Suddenly he saw Battisti's face quite close, felt the pressure of the rock on his hand grow less, felt Battisti lift him to his shoulder.

"Don't try . . ." Ronny attempted to say, but the sentence died away and he knew no more, until he came to while Peter and Battisti were bandaging his crushed hand on the shore of the lake.

"How'd you get me down," he began,

squaring his jaw, for his hand pained him very cruelly. "Did you wait till the rocks stopped falling?"

"No. It would have been too late. That ledge where you were, all of it's gone."

Ronny drew himself up a little to look back at the gulch torn in the side of the great rock wall.

"Thanks," he said, and with his uninjured hand he gripped Battisti's.

"He almost lost his life saving you," said Peter. "You . . ."

"Don't." Battisti stopped him. "I've seen many people in trouble at the Black Lake, but none of them ever thought of my safety the way this one did."

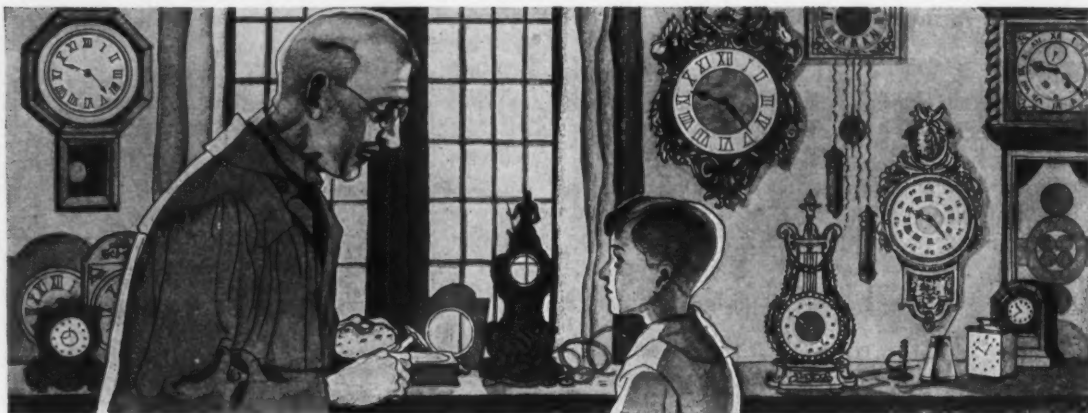
Ronny looked up at Battisti in a way that meant, "We're friends."

What he said was, "You'll come with us, won't you, Battisti, when we climb the Monte Rosa?"



*He could not hear Battisti shouting, "I'm coming"*





*"Some day, Punch, when you have been a most extra-particularly very good boy"*

## The Sun, Moon, and Stars Clock

CONSTANCE SAVERY

Illustrations by Helene Carter

### PART I

PUNCH'S real name was Richard Westerby, but his friends called him Punch for short. He lived in the clockmaker's shop in Apple Alley, Oddwich, with Uncle Paul Westerby and their housekeeper, Mary-Martha Blackthorn. The shop was full of clocks; and behind it was a parlor with clocks in every corner; and on the crooked stairs were more clocks, standing up tall and straight like folk; and in the garret next door to Punch's little room were more clocks still. From dawn to dusk and from midnight to morning those clocks never stopped ticking and tocking and whirling and chiming and striking. Punch was so well used to those sounds that the air seemed empty without them. In bed in the darkness he would listen for the passing of the hours. As the hands drew near their time, a trembling and a rustling would go over the whole house, as if the clocks were preparing themselves for a great occasion. And then—ting! ting! ting!—some fussy, excitable little clock would break in upon

the solemn silence with a pert tongue clapping just too soon. Punch always thought that there was something reproachful in the grave silence of the other clocks as they waited for the right moment to come. Then the Sun, Moon and Stars clock led off with the Westminster chime:

"Lord, through this hour  
Our footsteps guide;  
Kept by Thy power,  
No step shall slide."

And BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, came the deep notes, surrounded by a multitude of lesser chimes, bells, cuckoos, and clappers, while even the non-striking clocks purred for sympathy and joy.

There were other grandfather clocks in the shop, but Punch like the Sun, Moon and Stars clock best because it always lived in its same place by the curtain that hung over the entrance to the parlor. Other clocks came and went; but the Sun, Moon and Stars clock stayed. People came from far and wide to admire it because Uncle Paul



Westerby had made it so cleverly, with a Westminster chime and a procession of sun, moon and stars. All day long the sun shone in a blue sky painted behind glass at the top of the clock; but when six o'clock came, the sky darkened, and the sun went away, and a moon shone out where the sun had been. And at twelve o'clock twelve silvery stars glistened in the sky, coming one by one at each stroke of the clock, and shining all through the night till six o'clock in the morning. At six o'clock they vanished; and the moon vanished last; and the dark sky turned blue; and out came the sun again.

Punch had often seen the stars disappear at six o'clock in the morning, but never in his life had he seen them come out at twelve o'clock midnight. Uncle Paul only laughed when he begged to be allowed to watch

for the time when they would come out.

"Some day, Punch, when you have been a most extra-particularly very good boy," he would say.

Then Punch would try with might and main to be a most extra-particularly very good boy; but he could not succeed, try as he might. Sometimes after a good day he would argue the case with Uncle Paul.

"I've been a good boy today; you know I have," he would say in a hurt voice, standing in front of the table where his uncle's long, thin fingers were moving among drums and ratchet-wheels. Everything about Uncle Paul was long and thin.

"Yes, you have been a good boy today," Uncle Paul would agree.

"A very good boy, I think."

"Yes, yes; a very good boy."

"A particularly very good boy?" Punch would ask, anxiously.

"Oh, yes; a particularly very good boy."

"An extra-particularly very good boy?"

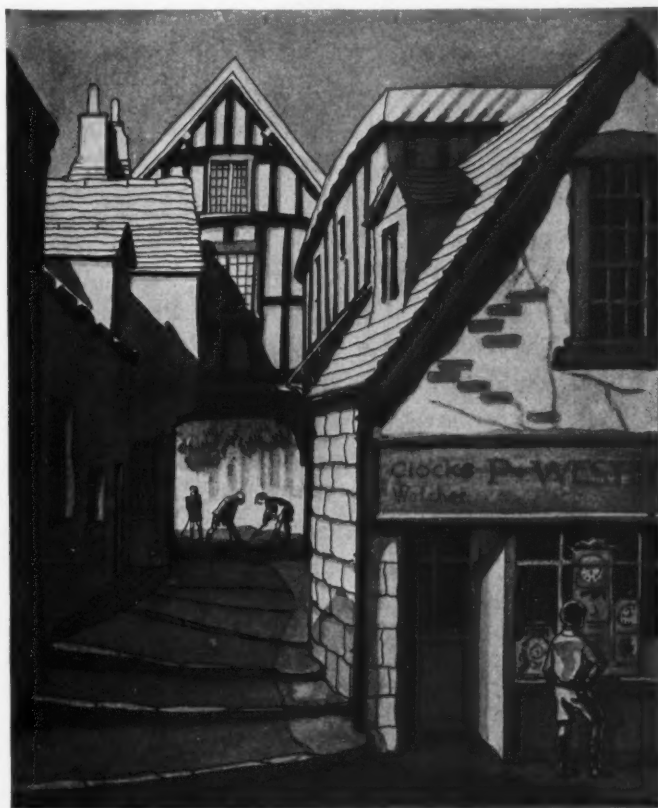
"Certainly, Punch, certainly. You have been an extra-particularly very good boy."

Then—"A most extra-particularly very good boy?" Punch would ask hopefully.

And at that Uncle Paul would drop his tools and look up with his gray eyes crinkled at the corners in the smile that Punch liked best.

"No, no, Punch; I won't go as far as that. Not a most extra-particularly very good boy! Not today!"

Uncle Paul's smile almost made up for the disappoint-



*He lived in the clockmaker's shop in Apple Alley*

ment of not being able to manage that "most." He could be a good boy, a very good boy, a particularly very good boy, an extra-particularly very good boy—but the "most" was always missing, always. That tiresome "most" spoiled everything.

He was thinking about the missing "most" one evening after Uncle Paul had gone into the country to mend a church clock that needed new hands. He was quite alone; for Mary-Martha was out, and so was Uncle Paul's cross assistant, Lame Jock. As soon as his master and Mary-Martha were out of sight, Lame Jock had sneaked out without permission, leaving Punch in charge of the shop. This was against Uncle Paul's orders, but Punch did not know it.

Two shadows darkened the doorway, and two men came into the shop. They looked round, quickly and eagerly; and they frowned when Punch's head peeped over the counter.

"What may I do for you today, if you please, sirs?" said Punch.

"Oh, we looked in to buy some clocks," said the first man, who had a gruff voice. "We'll look about and choose for ourselves, if you've no objection."

"Oh, no!" said Punch. He stood behind the counter, well pleased to think that he was serving customers for Uncle Paul. "If they buy a clock each," he said to himself, "then Uncle Paul will certainly call me 'a most extra-particularly very good boy' for once. I really don't see how he could help himself."

The men prowled round the shop, looking at the clocks. They chose out several clocks and watches, and put them into a big black bag. First they took the little red clock stamped with gilt diamonds; then they took the silver eighteenth century clock

decorated with tiny baskets of silver fruit guarded by silver cupids; and after that they took the green jasper clock, the French gilt clock enameled with forget-me-nots, and two clock cases carved out of pink and white alabaster by Uncle Paul himself.

"What a lot of clocks you are buying!" said Punch, who was busily engaged in writing down the prices on a bill form.

"Wedding presents, you see. Lots of weddings take place in both our families just now," explained the second man, huskily.

"Ten pounds and two shillings, please," said Punch.

"Oh, we'll step round to pay your uncle tomorrow," said the man with the gruff voice. "It wouldn't be safe to leave a little boy like you in charge of all that money. Why, somebody might come in and steal it—and what would uncle say then? I'll look in tomorrow, first thing. He knows me very well; we're old friends."

"I've never seen you before," said Gruff Voice; "'t isn't likely."

Punch did not know what to say. While he hesitated, Husky Voice spoke.

"Stop a bit; there's something else. Where's that fine clock your uncle is said to be making for a princess? Everyone in Oddwich is talking about it—you might just let us have a look before we go."

"It's in here," said Punch, "in this dark cupboard, right at the back, on the middle shelf. Here's a candle."

"Why, your cupboard's almost as big as a room!" said Gruff Voice.

They put their bag down and went into the cupboard. Punch waited by the door, impatient and anxious. Uncle Paul's customers often walked round the shop in a leisurely way, talking and admiring; but these men were not like the other customers.

Their eyes darted too quickly from place to place, and their voices were rough and strange.

They were bending over the princess's clock, talking low. Punch heard only *one* word, and that word was "cellar." From the way they said it, he thought that they wanted to put somebody into a cellar.

Now the only cellar near at hand was the cellar under the cupboard, twelve steps

down; and the only somebody near at hand to be put into that cellar was Punch himself. He felt very shivery along his spine. "I suppose," he said to himself, "that it can't be me they want to put into the cellar? But why should it be me? I've been very polite to them. I've copied Uncle Paul as well as I could."

And then, suddenly, came a queer thought: These men are thieves.

*(To be concluded next month)*



## Jack-O'-Lantern

DOROTHY ALDIS

Decorations by Charles Dunn

THEY chose me from my brothers:  
"That's the nicest one," they said.  
And they carved me out a face and put a  
Candle in my head.

And they set me on the doorstep, and the  
Night was dark and wild;  
And when they lit the candle, then I  
Smiled and smiled and smiled.

*—Reprinted from Child Life Magazine; copyright Rand McNally and Co.*





## We Write Abroad

*IN A country with so much variety as the United States, there is always plenty to write about to the school correspondents of other lands. In their album to a Japanese school, young Apache Indians of White River, Arizona, wrote:*

**W**E RECEIVED your album and were glad that you sent it to us. We liked it so much; it was very interesting. We found out many things that we didn't know about your country.

We are sending you an album, too, and hope you will have a good time reading it. It is about the way Apaches live here on the reservation. The reservation is a hundred miles across from east to west, and fifty miles from north to south. We have six schools. In our school we are being treated for trachoma.

We have forest land for lumber, and raise farm products and cattle. We have plenty of water for crops. We mine silver, coal, iron, and asbestos.

To make a camp we first get poles and plenty of bear grass. We need several kinds of poles. We cut them in the woods and bring them in by wagon or burro. We need large curved poles for the first foundation. Then we need smaller poles which will bend so that they can be wound in and out crosswise of the big poles.

We pick out a place near some water. We rake the ground and pick up all the stones. We burn all the trash. The Apaches never build a camp near the road.

First we mark off a circle for the camp. Then we get a pick and dig holes to put the poles in. When the holes are ready the four largest poles are put up and tied in the center. Then the next size poles are put in between, and so on until enough poles are placed. A space is left for the door and windows. The poles are fastened at the top with wire or yucca. Then the bear grass is fastened to the poles with yucca. Yucca is woven in and out until the bear grass covers all the camp except the door and windows. The door is made of wood like a small closet without any back. The women build all the camp but the door. Then a canvas is stretched over the whole camp, except a small part of the top, and door and windows.

The Apache camp always faces the rising sun. The people believe that their forefathers asked

them always to face the sun. The first Apaches used to offer toward the sun their thanks to God for home life. The sun is life, and it is a great deal to us. We plan to build a model camp with a well, a chicken house, a garden, a clothes line, a shade, a toilet, an oven, and make all these things the best way we know. We will have a cupboard in our camp and a cooler for our food.

*The Lewiston School at Lewiston, California, wrote to a Greek school:*

**T**HE school is upon a hill. It has but one large room. There are lots of trees around our school, and almost all of them are pine and oak. We also have running water in the school-house.

We are getting a volley ball, basketball, giant stride, and teeter-totter. What sort of games do you play? Our school hours are from nine o'clock in the morning to four o'clock in the afternoon. How many grades do you have? We have up to the eighth grade.

The boys are mining during every recess in a small creek that runs by the school. They use a sluice box. When they cleaned up last week they got two cents' worth of gold. That must have discouraged them, because they haven't mined since.

We live in Trinity County, which is in northern California and is noted for mining and farming. We have different ways of mining for gold.

Dredging is one way. The dredger is run by electricity. One motor runs a line of buckets which dig and dump the dirt into a revolving screen with holes. The fine dirt goes through the holes on to a large table that slants and has riffles to catch the gold.

Another way is to use a giant hose that shoots a big stream of water. The water washes the dirt down on a smaller table with riffles on it also.

And the last and simplest way is with a pick and shovel and a sluice box as our picture shows. It is the oldest way in the world.

We are sending you a Trinity County nugget.

*We hear a great deal nowadays about how the people of the United States have wasted their resources of soil and forest. This letter from the school at Crossett, Arkansas, gives a happier picture to school correspondents abroad of the*

*way planning can prevent waste:*

OUR town, Crossett, is a very unusual sawmill town because it has lasted and has been strong. Most sawmill towns last only until the surrounding timber has been cut away and sawed up into lumber.

The biggest thing we have done in Crossett is to work out a practical program for perpetual operation of our timber land. Mr. E. W. Gates, the founder of Crossett, took part in this. The mill or plant was all blueprinted before the woodsmen cut a brush; every building was laid out and its position was plotted on our ground plan. Crossett wanted to do an efficient and profitable job in lumber production, and the founders planned for it; but at first they didn't dream of perpetual operation. They just thought they would clean up in twenty years and then move on to some other virgin forest.

But Crossett has been here thirty-six years already, and we still have left to us ten years' cut of the original forest—six hundred and fifty million feet of virgin timber that never has been touched by an ax or saw.

We only cut trees fourteen inches in diameter and larger. We do not cut all of these, but leave in every acre at least two larger ones as seed trees. Every year these trees are seeding the cut-over land, and our foresters are able to calculate to a small fraction what our stand of timber will be twenty, thirty, or forty years hence.

It was about fifteen years ago that we first got the vision of perpetual operation, and it is only within the last five years that we have seen our policy completely organized and assured. Now there are many practical lumbermen who call it a pipe dream, but we are sure of its practicability. We have had the counsel of able foresters from the Yale School of Forestry and from the Federal Forest Service, but our own experience, more than professional advice or assurance, confirms our confidence in the plan.

Crossett has proved that a forest can be farmed as practically as can a cabbage patch or a cornfield. It takes longer, of course, and for economic operation the farming must be organized on a large scale. But, in principle, timber farming is no different from vegetable farming.

*Children in the Finley School, Richmond, In-*



*An Apache camp is made of a frame of poles with bear grass woven through them, and a canvas cover*

*diana, write about lessons in their international school correspondence album:*

WE ARE going to tell you about some social science projects which we have carried out in our school this year.

The children in the first grade have been studying the farm. They took a trip to a farm, and then made a poster of different pictures that they found in magazines. They also wrote stories about farm work and a little farm boy. They brought pasteboard boxes to school to make a farmstead. They made a house, barn, garage, chicken house, hog house, woods, and a cornfield. They also made fences to put around the buildings. They are going to put pasteboard animals around the barn.

The children in the second grade have been studying community life. They made a model of the community near our school, with the school, the market, some houses, and a church. They have electric lights in the buildings and on the street.

The children in the fifth grade have been studying about the Indians of the Plains. They enjoy learning about these Indians who once lived here. They are making dishes, tomahawks, backrests, papoose cradles, bow and arrows, an Indian tepee, and Indian booklets of many drawings and stories. Many arrowheads have been found in our community.

The pupils in the special room have studied about milk. They visited a dairy barn where the cows are milked. Each cow is kept in a stall. The milking is done with electric milkers. The children saw the milk house where the milk is



*The boys mine for gold during every recess*

strained and run through a cooler. Then it is put into milk cans and taken to the dairy in trucks. The class then visited a dairy in town. The milk is unloaded at the dairy. Then it is tested. Next it is put into a large tank and pasteurized. That means that it is heated to a temperature of 140 degrees for thirty minutes. This kills harmful bacteria, but does not spoil the milk. Next the milk goes into a machine that bottles it and puts the tops on the bottles. The milk man puts the bottles into his wagon and delivers the milk to people in the town. At school the class made a book about milk. They put pictures of things they saw at the farm and at the dairy in it. Then they wrote a story about each picture. They are making a dairy barn and some cows now. They have found out that milk is very good for us. Some of the children drink milk twice a day at our school.

*A year in the life of a North Dakota farmer is the subject of a letter in an album sent from Jamestown, North Dakota, to school correspondents in Tirnovo, Bulgaria:*

ON A BEAUTIFUL farm in eastern North Dakota live the Greys—a happy and contented family. Mr. Grey has farmed for twenty years and now has three sections of land, a large handsome house, and many barns. He is very progressive and has made great improvements. He has four children—Tom, who is eighteen and who goes to an agricultural college; Ruth, a

young lady of fifteen; Carvel, who is beginning to grow up at thirteen; and David, the ten-year-old who is the pride of the family.

In the spring the Greys are very busy. They have fifteen hired men who help plow and drag the land with a tractor. Then they plant corn, wheat, flax, alfalfa, and clover. Some of the men must take care of the cattle and horses, because Grey has one hundred head of cattle and thirty horses. The cattle are milked by machinery.

Mrs. Grey and her girls prepare the meals and look after the poultry. Mrs. Grey is very proud of her three hundred hens, six hundred baby chicks, and seventy-five turkeys.

On Sundays the Greys attend the little country church where all the neighbors meet. These services bring the people in a closer bond of friendship.

During the hot summer days after a cool swim in the lake each morning, the Greys feel better. The men are not quite so busy in the summer, as in the spring or fall. The children are home from school, and they help their parents with the garden. The boys are growing plants and the girls are sewing dresses. In July all attend the county fair, and Mr. Grey enters several cattle and horses, the boys some vegetables, Mrs. Grey some chickens, and the girls the dresses they have sewed.

In the fall Mr. Grey has thirty men helping him. He does not need as many men as he did the year before because he has purchased a combine. This machine harvests and threshes the grain at the same time. After the grain is threshed, Grey stores some hay and grain for feed for his cattle, and the rest he takes to town to sell or to store in a grain elevator for sale when prices are better. The men plow the land again, and then most of them go to town, as they are not needed in the winter. Near Thanksgiving, Mrs. Grey sells her turkeys. On Thanksgiving, the neighbors meet at the little church for a service and a big feast.

In winter the snow is piled high and the wind is sharp and cold, but it does not bother the country folk. In the morning the children are bundled off to school in a sleigh and come home at night rosy and sparkling with health. Everybody goes skating on the lake or down some river. Steep hills are ideal places for coasting, and old and young alike take part in the sport. On Christmas Eve the people gather in the schoolhouse for a program and Christmas tree.

On cold nights the Greys sit by the fireside and listen over the radio to someone in New York, San Francisco, or some other faraway places. No farmer need feel isolated now.



## Our Juniors, East to West

**W**HEN one of their class members was injured, J. R. C. members in the Woodrow Wilson School at Kannapolis, North Carolina, decided to make a study of accident prevention and First Aid. They wrote a play, "Be Careful," for an assembly program, basing it on an accident that happened to their schoolmate because of carelessness. In the play they pointed out the cause of the accident, and the proper method of administering First Aid.



*This group from the Central Park School of Birmingham, Alabama, dramatized one of last year's "Program" pictures, "Mexican Girls at Fountain." The girl at the left told the story about it which was published in the "News"*

**T**O RAISE money for their Service Fund, Juniors of the John Gumm School at St. Helena, Montana, hold an annual "pound tea and doll show." This year they wanted the money to help the school cafeteria provide lunches for undernourished children. One pound of some non-perishable foodstuff for making soup was the admission fee.

**J**UNIOR RED CROSS members of the Norwood School, Jefferson County, Alabama, reported one of their activities at a Council meeting of the elementary schools:

We have had a "Know Your Community" drive. Pupils have made reports on sanitary conditions in their own neighborhoods. We have made suggestions about improving conditions in our community, including (1) Removing tin cans from alleys, since these might contain water and breed insects; (2) Removing glass, nails, and any other objects which might hurt anyone; (3) Behavior in case of fire at school or at home; (4) First Aid for any of our friends who are hurt while we are playing.

Children inspected all of our public buildings in Norwood, including their own school and its grounds, and have made reports on them in the auditorium.

**M**EN in the Chelsea, Massachusetts, Naval Hospital were delighted to receive from J. R. C. members of the Hyde School, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, Columbus Day favors in the shape of the ship *Santa Maria*.

**T**HIRTY-FIVE pounds of rags have been contributed by members of the Fairbanks School in Terre Haute, Indiana, to an invalid

man who makes rag rugs for a livelihood. Lollypops dressed as ghosts, witches, and goblins were sent by the Laboratory School of the same city for a party at the Day Nursery.

**T**ULARE, California, Juniors have a circulating library of books and magazines which have been salvaged from paper drives, or furnished by the students. Books and magazines may be checked out before school and in the last period in the day. The library is in charge of a secretary of the school assisted by a Junior Red Cross librarian.

**W**HEN a little girl from a mountain section of Virginia was sent to a hospital in Lynchburg where she had no friends, Junior Red Cross members of the Fairview School in that city helped to make things more pleasant by writing letters to her each day in their English classes. They visited her in the hospital, taking gifts, telling stories, singing their school songs.

**M**EMBERS in the South Liberty Elementary School at Alliance, Ohio, gave an "Amateur Hour" to help pay for eyeglasses for children who were unable to buy them. Instrumental numbers, impersonations, vocal selections, readings, and dances, were included on the program.

The "studio" was decorated with Junior Red Cross posters, and there was a make-believe microphone on which had been placed a large

red cross and the name of the broadcasting station, JRC. A student from the Junior High School (a former student of the South Liberty School) acted as master of ceremonies, and used his gong several times, causing much amusement. Special honor was paid to the senior Red Cross organization of Alliance.

**T**O ROUSE interest in their Christmas box project, J. R. C. members at Grants Pass, Oregon, put a fireplace in the downstairs hall of the school, and hung seven large red stockings. Juniors from the second to the sixth grades all helped to fill the stockings with suitable gifts, and before long there were enough to fill ten boxes for children at the Culion Leper Colony in the Philippine Islands.

**J**UNIOR Red Cross members of Macon, Georgia, have adopted men in the government hospital at Augusta. At their October Council meeting all schools brought Hallowe'en gifts which they had made for the men, and these were packed in one large box. The gifts included match scratchers in the shape of black cats, devil and witch masks, joke and riddle books in the shape of autumn leaves and teacups. There were paper hats, nut and candy cups trimmed with cats, pumpkins, and witches.

**A** WALL newspaper, full of Junior Red Cross news and information, is published by the Harlandale Junior High School of San Antonio, Texas. The paper, *Tribal Chatter*, is issued several times during the year. The mid-winter is-

sue was decorated with Indian designs in color across the top, and carried the headline, "Philippine Portfolios Received." It printed biographical sketches of Clara Barton and Florence Nightingale, several bits of news about J. R. C. activities, and a number of original poems about the Red Cross.

**E**ACH Thursday during the fall months, a Junior Red Cross work room is busy at Red Cross headquarters in Augusta, Georgia, making gifts for distribution at Christmas time. Representatives from two schools are invited to send workers each week. Materials to work with have been donated by local merchants. The week before Christmas an exhibit of articles made in the work room is placed in a downtown store window. Later they are sent to the children's ward in the local hospital, and to the children at the Georgia Training School in Gracewood.

Early in the school year, members in the Muscogee County, Georgia, schools had a Junior Red Cross booth at the Muscogee County Fair, where they displayed an exhibit borrowed from National Headquarters, as well as work which they themselves had done. Junior Red Cross material was distributed and the Juniors in charge explained to visitors the meaning of their program. These members have made covers for brailled stories, have made favors on each holiday for 250 veterans they have adopted at the government hospital in Augusta, and have made more than one hundred bead dolls for the children in the State Sanatorium.

**S**CHOOLS in Albuquerque, New Mexico, planned a series of radio programs to be broadcast over station KGGM. All schools enrolled in the Junior Red Cross cooperated, each school being responsible for a fifteen-minute period. There were eighteen weekly broadcasts of an hour each. J. R. C. members interviewed local citizens, there were musical numbers, and stories were told.

**J**UNIORS of the fourth grade of the Springbrook School, Alcoa, Tennessee, wrote to their correspondents in Japan:

When our Red Cross chairman brought us the dolls and the deer you sent us, we were having a geography lesson. After she left, we looked at



St. Paul Juniors were invited to bring toys, dolls, and games to school during the last week in October. These were sent to the Santa Claus Toy Shop, where they were reconditioned for distribution at Christmas time. The Juniors made these posters



*A scene from the play "Be Careful," written and staged by Juniors of the Woodrow Wilson School at Kannapolis, North Carolina*

them and talked about Japan and about the album we could send to you. We have read sixty-three stories about Japan since we got your box. We had read a lot before. We had a Japanese program one day and invited the rest of our school to it. We chose "Friends from Over Seas" as our play. This a play the Junior Red Cross sent us. We had the program the day after Armistice Day. We hope there will be no more wars.

## Fellow Members Overseas

**G**EORGES MILSOM, director of the Junior Red Cross Division of the League of Red Cross Societies, attended the big international conference of Juniors from Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, and Poland which was held this summer in Riga, Latvia. He reported, "You, American Juniors, would have been pleased with the enthusiastic welcome given your message.\* All the Juniors present clapped, and we all thought of you; it seemed that the horizon widened and we saw you in your classrooms. We thought of the work that you are doing and of the ties which bind you to all the other Juniors in different countries. We thought of the friendliness these Juniors feel for you, especially in some of the countries rep-

We wrote letters to the fourth grade of Bassell School in our town. They asked us to lend them our dolls and deer. They were so interested that they asked to keep them two weeks, and they decided to join the Junior Red Cross and send a doll abroad. We got some things from Eskimos in Alaska. They are lovely. We are sending them a book like yours. We sent them a little baby doll and cradle when we sent you a doll.

We have a big bookcase in our room. It has glass doors. We have made a Japanese garden on one shelf. We placed the Emperor and Empress dolls and the deer in the garden. We had an Eskimo scene in another shelf and put our gifts in it. We have many visitors at our school. They come in to see our exhibit.

Last week the Junior Red Cross sent us a traveling exhibit. Robert's uncle and Virginia's mother have been to your country. They came to our room the day after the exhibits came and brought us some things they had brought back from Japan. We drew pictures of Mt. Fujiyama, a jinrikisha and other Japanese objects on our blackboard.

**D**URING a banquet at the Red Cross Annual Convention held in Chicago last May, Admiral Grayson was presented with a gavel made of mahogany taken from the roof of the first house to be constructed in Santo Domingo under its first Governor, Ponce de Leon.

The house was erected by Fray Nicolas de Ovando, a personal friend and shipmate of Christopher Columbus. The main entrance door of the Puerto Rican Chapter house was built from a roof beam of this old house and the gavel was made from a piece of wood left when the door was constructed. With the gavel was a document signed by the Archbishop of Santo Domingo, certifying its history.

resented at the conference, because of the aid given them in their J. R. C. work through your contributions from the National Children's Fund."

**T**HE Juniors of Myans-par-les Marches, Savoie, France, gathered medicinal herbs which they sold to help buy such school equipment as a projection machine, a compass, a large magnifying glass, a multigraphing machine, and road maps.

**M**EMBERS of the Varagu School at Pikevere, Estonia, were so pleased with a doll in cowboy costume which they received from Juniors in Cleburne, Texas, that they sent in reply a doll in native costume. Along with the doll they sent pencils, crayon, and other school

\* See September NEWS.





*A portrait of Onono Tōfū in an album from Japan to this country. The frog is made of folded paper. The story is told on the next page*

supplies, together with a letter and photograph of the doll, Mary.

**T**HE Girls' Secondary School at Paszto, Hungary, has divided J. R. C. members into "families" of ten members each. Every family adopts one child and meets its needs for clothing and school materials. This group has also organized a canteen and serves dinner to needy pupils.

The yard of a school in the Soroksar District of Hungary was quite ugly and Juniors decided to take a hand in improving it. They sold old, gnarled trees and made enough money to replace them with living trees, shrubs and flowers. In fact, they were able to improve the yard of a neighboring school

as well. They planted forty-four trees, 107 bushes, including lilac and jasmine, and fifteen different kinds of flowers. Another group presented the Soroksar Juniors with 880 violet seedlings. The garden is cared for by the J. R. C. in the school.

**J**UNIORS of a school in India visited the local hospital, taking milk, flowers, and fruit to the patients. They also replenished the patients' supply of fresh water, played the harmonium, and sang to them.

**T**HE Koala Circle at Russell Lea, New South Wales, organized a shop at school where dolls and dolls' clothes they had made were placed on sale. Within twenty minutes the shop was entirely sold out. The profits were used to help the patients in the Junior Red Cross Homes.

**J**UNIORS of the J. R. C. Progress Club of the Harstone School, Stanley, Ontario, live in a small community, four miles from a post office. Trains pass only two days a week. But they were determined to hear the International J. R. C. broadcast last fall, so they connected an aerial from their teacher's car radio battery to the school flagpole.

**M**ANY children were among the victims of an explosion at La Libertad, Salvador. Junior Red Cross members immediately started a collection in the school and town and were able to make a sizeable contribution in money and goods.



*Lithuanian delegates gave folk dances at the J. R. C. Conference, Riga*

**A**SAHI School, Aichi Prefecture, Japan, sent an album to the Jefferson School at New Orleans. With it they sent drawings and examples of calligraphy as well as the brush and ink stick with which the Japanese writing was done. Japanese schools take great pride in the beautiful formation of their characters. In reply, the New Orleans Juniors sent a box containing pen, ink, pencil, crayolas, and chalk, with a sample of the work done in each medium.

**I**N THE Czechoslovakian Junior Red Cross magazine, a pupil of the elementary class at the Podebrady School writes:

Last year our class decided to buy and equip a First Aid cabinet as a surprise for our teacher. Each pupil brought a little contribution and with this money we bought wool of various colors to make bouquets of violets and other flowers. Then we decorated the bouquets with birch leaves and other plants. We worked before school and during recess, and we sold the flowers after school. Our teacher, our parents, the pupils of the other classes, all bought from us, and were curious to know for what purpose we were selling them. We were silent as the tomb. It was our secret. We also sold the flowers in the hotels and everywhere they had a success.

After several weeks of work we were able to make our purchase. Encouraged, we continued to work and on March seventh, the anniversary of Dr. Masaryk, the first President of our Republic, we solemnly presented the cabinet to our teacher. She was delighted and thanked us. It did not take us long to find out that our gift was useful, not only to our class but to the whole school.

**L**AST spring Juniors of the Twelfth Primary School, Tallinn, Estonia, gave a concert by wireless for Finnish schools and more than 70,000 students listened in. It was the first time the Estonia Juniors had done anything of the kind and they were quite excited about it.

The head of the transmitting station inquired from Vley, Finland, whether the transmission would be good. "Yes," said Vley and the concert began. The program opened with a speech in Finnish by an Estonian girl, and this was followed by a song of friendship sung by the

children of Tallinn. The teacher of the school then spoke in Finnish and other numbers followed. Music was provided by the orchestra of the Raua Street School.

A few minutes later, a loud speaker was brought in and the Juniors heard a speech in Estonian transmitted from Finland, in which they were thanked for their concert. Later, the teacher received from Finland a sum of money which will be used to buy a wireless set for the school.

**J**UNIOR Red Cross Circles in Warsaw, Poland, held an exhibit of some two hundred albums which had been prepared in schools of the whole city. The exhibition was held in the hall of a primary school at Praga, a quarter of Warsaw situated on the right bank of the Vistula. Besides the albums, dolls in costume, foreign albums, publications and pamphlets were on display. Several thousand pupils visited the exhibition and heard talks on inter-school correspondence and other Junior activities.

**I**N AN ALBUM sent to the Valley Waste School of La Grange, Georgia, Juniors of the Yuda School, Yamaguchi, Japan, told the story of the picture on the preceding page:

Onono-Tōfū was a scholar in the tenth century. At first, he wrote a very poor hand and was very much ashamed of it. But, try as he might, the scholar could not improve his handwriting.

One day, Tōfū saw a frog which was just trying to jump up on a branch of a willow tree. Of course, the frog failed many times, but it tried again and again, and at last could reach the branch. Encouraged by this example, Tōfū made up his mind to practice writing once again, and thus he became at last one of the three famous calligraphers in those days."

**M**EMBERS in the village of Hermanow, Poland, are very active. The boys have installed a playground and have paved two streets in the village which greatly needed it. The girls take care of the smallest children and do needlework.

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## In Need of Help

*This is from the one-reel movie, "The American Red Cross to the Rescue," which gives vivid scenes from the relief work done during and after the great floods last spring. Junior members helped so much through contributions to the relief fund that they will be specially interested in seeing the film. It takes eleven minutes to run and there is a special edition for school machines, size 16mm. with or without sound. The way to get the film for your school is to ask the Junior Red Cross Chairman in your local Red Cross Chapter. There is no charge for it*



Thomas W. Gosling, National Director

Walter S. Gard, Assistant Natl. Director

# A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The October News in the School

### The Classroom Index

#### Accident Prevention:

"Matteo's Parade"

#### Citizenship — Worldwide:

"Matteo's Parade," "Beacons on Rock and Reef," "October Suggestions" (editorial), "The Black Lake," "The Sun, Moon, and Stars Clock"

#### Composition:

"We Write Abroad"

#### Geography:

England—"The Sun, Moon, and Stars Clock"

Norway—"The Program Picture" (editorial)

Peru—"Up in Peru"

Spain—"In the Footsteps of Columbus"

Switzerland—"The Black Lake"

United States—"Our Juniors East to West," "We Write Abroad"

A suggestion found in the outline published last month about the LaCrosse, Wisconsin, plan for school correspondence is worth while emphasizing again in connection with correspondence quoted this month: that is, that a copy of the table of contents of each album sent abroad should be kept for reference. This prevents a class or a school from repeating when they are sending a number of albums to the same school abroad and makes it possible to prepare varied and progressive albums, which will give friends abroad a larger view of our country and its many interesting facets.

Other Countries—"Fellow Members Overseas"

#### Primary Grades.

"Doe and Fawn," "The Discovery," "The Sun, Moon, and Stars Clock," "Jack O'Lantern," "Matteo's Parade"

#### Reading.

1. Why did the monks of LaRábida say that Columbus was "born" at the entrance to their monastery? 2. Make a drawing or a small model of the Santa Maria.

1. Why did Matteo organize a parade? 2. Give a talk on home accident prevention at a Parent-Teacher meeting.

1. How do Peruvian families spend Sunday afternoons? 2. Compare the way Columbus found financial backing for his exploration with the way our explorers find such backing today.

1. What were some of the obstacles overcome by early lighthouse builders? 2. Find Robert Southey's poem "The Inchcape Rock," and read it in class.

1. What did the animals of the forest fear most? 2. What other incident in Bambi's life do you enjoy?

1. For what were Thecla's ancestors famous? 2. Plan an exchange of materials between town and rural schools as suggested on the October page of the PROGRAM.

1. Why did Ronny try to climb the wall above the Black Lake? 2. What was the bravest thing he did?

1. Why was Punch alone in the clock shop? 2. What do you think happens next?

1. Learn "Jack O'Lantern" by heart. 2. Have one pupil wear a Jack O'Lantern mask and recite the poem in a Hallowe'en entertainment.

1. Talk over the contents of the school correspondence letters to find out what makes them interesting. 2. What, in your own school or community, will be interesting to others?

1. What new ideas for a service notebook do you find in the activity notes this month? 2. How would you carry these out in your own community?

### For Integrated Units of Study

#### Some major functions of social living:

*Protection of life and property*—"Matteo's Parade," "Beacons on Rock and Reef," "Something to Read," "The Black Lake," "In Need of Help," "We Write Abroad"

*Production and distribution*—"The Sun, Moon, and Stars Clock," "We Write Abroad"

*Communication and transportation*—"In the Footsteps of Columbus," "Beacons on Rock and Reef," "We Write Abroad"

*Recreation*—"Matteo's Parade," "Something to Read," "Jack O'Lantern," "We Write Abroad"

*Exploration and discovery*—"In the Footsteps of Columbus." You may want to refer again to the story of Magellan in the September issue of the News. "Beacons on Rock and Reef," "The Black Lake"

#### Some centers of interest:

*Home life*—"Doe and Fawn," "The Sun, Moon, and Stars Clock," "We Write Abroad"

*Community life*—"Matteo's Parade," "We Write Abroad"

*Adaptation to environmental forces of nature*—"Beacons on Rock and Reef," "In Need of Help"

*Effects of inventions and discoveries*—"In the Footsteps of Columbus"

*Social provisions for cooperative living*—"Matteo's Parade," "Beacons on Rock and Reef," "Fellow Members Overseas," "Our Juniors, East to West"

#### Rural Schools

The letters quoted in "We Write Abroad" show what a wide variety of rich and interesting material is available for rural schools, where children are educated to discover it, and how valuable teamwork between town and rural schools may be, for both members of the team.

#### A New Red Cross Film

A new film, "The American Red Cross to the Rescue," showing scenes from the relief work in the Eastern floods last spring, may be obtained free by schools equipped to show moving pictures.

Ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman to book it for you, through the Chapter Chairman.

# Developing Program Activities for October

## We Grow

SINCE 1934, the Junior Red Cross throughout the world has had an increase of over 2,000,000. The membership in fifty-two countries is now more than 16,500,000. The American Junior Red Cross has more than 8,000,000.

## The Membership Fee

A reminder may be helpful in the beginning of the year with regard to the national policy about Junior Red Cross membership fees. No individual membership fee is required by National Headquarters. Membership is on a group basis and costs 50c for an entire room in the elementary schools. That is, the cost of regular enrollment in an eight-room elementary school is \$4.00, or in a six-room elementary school \$3.00. This entitles every child in the school to belong to the Junior Red Cross if he wishes to belong. The money for this group fee may be earned by the children themselves, either through work of some kind or through sacrificing a movie or candy or some other treat. Membership means more to them if they take this responsibility. But the only individual obligation is a willingness to take part in the Junior Red Cross service program and to try to live up to the aims of service for others, world-wide friendship, and mental and physical fitness for service.

The group membership brings to each enrolled room the monthly JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS and the PROGRAM OF ACTIVITIES for the children, with the monthly GUIDE FOR TEACHERS. Supplementary materials, most of them in mimeographed form, such as plays and patterns for toys, are available also, free upon request. The privileges of membership also includes opportunities for community service, national service, and world-wide friendship through sending Christmas Boxes and taking part in international school correspondence. Free translation of letters into the language of the school that receives the correspondence is one of the rather expensive services given a classroom enrolled in the Junior Red Cross.

## Senior Red Cross Roll Call

The PROGRAM page suggests several activities that give an opportunity for Junior members to collaborate with senior members in the annual Roll Call. There is an opportunity for excellent education in citizenship through study of the work and understanding of the ideals of the world-wide Red Cross organization.

The best simple history and exposition of the world-wide scope of the Red Cross is the popular leaflet, ARC 626, "The Story of the Red Cross" by Ellen McBryde Brown, editor of the Junior magazines.

An early statement of the international ideals of the Red Cross was made at the first International Conference in Geneva, in October, 1863, to the delegates of the fourteen European countries that met at that time. M. Gustav Moynier said:

"It has been stated that instead of seeking expedients to render war less murderous, we should do better to attack the evil at its root and to work toward universal and perpetual pacification of the world.

"Is this criticism serious? I cannot believe so. We certainly desire as much as anyone that men shall cease to butcher one another and that they shall repudiate this remnant of barbarism which they have inherited from their forefathers. With the aid of Christianity, they will suc-

ceed in doing this, sooner or later, and we applaud the efforts of those who work to bring about better relations.

"However, we are convinced that it will be necessary for a long time yet to reckon with human passions and endure their baleful consequences. Why, then, if we cannot absolutely and immediately do away with them, should we not seek to lessen them? Charity commends this course, and it is because we have listened to the voice of charity that we are here. I cannot understand wherein our attempts would seem to be calculated to retard the dawn of the era of peace, of which we see a glimpse.

"Moreover, I am convinced that in organizing assistance for the wounded, in addressing earnest appeals to the inhabitants in behalf of their misery, and in describing, for the needs of our cause, the lamentable spectacle of a battlefield, unveiling the terrible realities of war and proclaiming them in the name of charity, a thing which it is too often the interest of politics to keep hidden, we shall do more for the disarmament of peoples than those who resort to the economy arguments or declarations of sterile sentimentality."

Using children to solicit senior Red Cross memberships is not approved by National Red Cross policy but children may explain the work of the organization at home to parents or to other adults through writing letters or giving talks and may invite parents and friends to join the organization. If money is collected from children in a school, it becomes part of the Junior Red Cross Service Fund and is used first to pay for their membership in Junior Red Cross and later to support such service projects as are appropriate for children and are approved jointly by the local Red Cross Chapter and the school authorities.

## Team Work Between Town and Rural Schools

The October page emphasizes the opportunities for team work between town and rural schools. Study the activities suggested and select some that can be carried out in your community. Take stock of resources in reference and illustrative materials that pupils of town schools are likely to have, through magazines taken in the home or in the school, and resources that rural pupils may discover all about them on their farms, in the woods, etc. Exchange notes telling what your school has to offer and also what you can use. If no such partnership is available in your own county, write your headquarters office and a partnership will be arranged. Be sure to read the school correspondence letters "We Write Abroad" in this issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

You might start with a pioneer album telling about the settlers in your own section. A good beginning is the exchange of information among all the schools throughout the county.

## Christmas Boxes

The story about Christmas Boxes in the September NEWS can be read to young members if they have not already heard it. Although they do not yet know all the countries where the Christmas Boxes are sent, they can find, on a globe or a map, where their boxes go for shipment. The little cartons are all uniform in size and shape because a certain amount of space is arranged for on the vessel, and the shipment must fit exactly into that space. The small boxes are packed in larger cases and must fit closely in order to carry successfully. The rest of the story suggested in the "young members'" activity for October can be filled in by the boys and girls themselves.

# Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

## A Guiding Outline

THE office of the Superintendent of Schools, of Kenosha County, Wisconsin, has issued a definite and comprehensive outline of Junior Red Cross work for the year. It is summarized here as a help to other rural or small schools.

### Suggested Plan for Activities:

A. Organization of a Junior Red Cross in each one-room school and in one or more rooms of each state-graded school.

B. Three or more meetings of the Junior Red Cross Council during the year. Meetings of the Junior Red Cross may be substituted for an equivalent number of meetings of the school society. In some schools it may be best to have the same officers serve both organizations.

1. At the first meeting elect officers, set approximate dates for later meetings, discuss possible projects and decide on one to be started soon.

2. At later meetings—

- a. Continue plans for one or more additional projects
- b. Report on articles in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS
- c. Give a program about life of children in other countries
- d. Read letters received from other places
- e. Sing songs of other lands
- f. Prepare a program to give for others
- g. Make articles to be sent away
- h. Observe National Good Will Day (May 18)
- i. Practice First Aid, Life Saving, or Home Care of the Sick

(Not all of these at any meeting, but a choice of which-ever is interesting)

C. Pupils qualify for membership by performing some service or by participating in one project undertaken by the group. Members are entitled to wear the Red Cross button. The Membership Roll must be kept, together with a record of one Red Cross activity in which the member has participated.

D. Each school should carry out at least three projects during the year. It is suggested that the projects selected be from at least two of the fields of service given below.

Numerous suggestions about activities will be found in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS and the accompanying GUIDE FOR TEACHERS, the AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS PROGRAM OF ACTIVITIES (a wall calendar), American Junior Red Cross bulletins entitled "Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools," "Gifts for Children in Schools for the Blind," "Gifts for Government Hospitals," "Pattern Suggestions for Toys and Favors."

#### 1. International Activities.

a. Make an album to be sent to a foreign school or contribute pages for such an album made in collaboration with other schools. Pages may contain letters, written material, pictures, snapshots, handwork, a stamp collection, industrial exhibit, pressed flowers, samples of school work. Illustrations should always be captioned. See pamphlet entitled "School Correspondence Plan of the American Junior Red Cross," ARC 621.

b. Prepare a booklet on an industry, some historical event, or other state topic to be sent to children in another country.

c. Outfit a doll in typical American clothes to exchange for a doll from a foreign land. Send a letter with the doll.

d. Fill and send one or more Christmas Boxes to foreign countries (cartons furnished by the Red Cross).

e. Earn money and contribute to the National Children's Fund to help meet some health or educational need in another country.

#### 2. National Activities.

a. Prepare an album or other material to exchange with some school in another section of our own country, Alaska, the Philippines, etc. See pages 17 to 21 of ARC 621 "School Correspondence Plan of the American Junior Red Cross."

b. Make menu covers, nut cups and favors for men in government hospitals for Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, or other holidays.

c. Make covers for brailled stories and greeting cards for blind children or appropriate toys or games suggested in the bulletin "Gifts for Children in Schools for the Blind."

d. Make scrapbooks and games for children's hospitals.

e. Raise money and contribute it through the National Children's Fund to a section which has suffered disaster.

f. Feed native birds, or make bird houses.

g. Plant a tree and keep it growing.

#### 3. Local Activities.

a. Carry on a health campaign, assist in a campaign against rats, flies, or mosquitoes.

b. Carry on a home and farm accident prevention campaign; make posters; remove nails and broken glass from roads and playgrounds.

c. Give Junior Red Cross reports and exhibit articles at a P. T. A. or other community meeting.

d. Make gifts or give an entertainment at a local hospital, orphanage, old folks' home or other institution.

e. Help a needy family by contributing toys, food or clothing, if possible through the local Red Cross Chapter office or another county welfare organization.

f. Raise money and contribute to help out in some local need.

g. Grow plants or flowers to take to the sick or aged and write letters to classmates absent because of illness.

h. Assist in care and decoration of the schoolroom and help care for the younger children.

i. Cooperate in a district or county Junior Red Cross Council.

E. The officers will report to the office of the County Superintendent of Schools before May 30, 1937:

Junior Red Cross of \_\_\_\_\_ School \_\_\_\_\_

Number of pupils in membership \_\_\_\_\_

Number of meetings during the year \_\_\_\_\_

Projects completed during the year \_\_\_\_\_

International \_\_\_\_\_

National \_\_\_\_\_

Local \_\_\_\_\_

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(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_

President.

Secretary.

Special activities of the Chapter or individual members which should be included in the county report to the Area Headquarters (No worthy act is too small to be included.) \_\_\_\_\_

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# Fitness for Service for October

## Making Home the Safest Place on Earth

Junior delegates to the annual Red Cross Convention last spring discussed at one of their sessions Home Accident Prevention. One delegate emphasized the value of posters in making children careful. Another delegate objected: "I think that posters should not be stressed. Up to the eighth grade children are very impressionable. Startling posters might leave them with nervousness or something of the kind."

The first delegate replied: "The trouble now is that we weren't impressed when we were younger, and that is why we are having so many accidents now. If they get this into their heads from the kindergarten up, we will prevent many accidents."

This problem was raised in a teachers' gathering by a supervisor who protested against a certain type of safety education. "We do not want to frighten children about the dangers of home but to make them feel that home is the safest place on earth."

## The Truth that Lies Between Them

We do want children to have a sense of security—at home, in school, in their community, in their country, and in their "great, wide, beautiful world." We do not, however, want them to have a false complacency about any unsafe place or unsafe conditions. We want to help them develop confidence that security for themselves and others is a state somewhat within their own power to achieve. If enough people, large and small, work together, safety will prevail throughout the ever widening circumference of their environment.

It is not too large an ideal, to practice working together against all preventable calamities (accident, ill health, war, and poverty), and of healing ills caused by calamities not yet preventable (natural disaster, the still unsolved diseases). Our power to control by using the knowledge available and not our impotence in the face of danger is the point to be impressed.

### Beginning Positively

The conversation can be opened by the beginning "What makes us feel safe at home?" Obvious answers are: father, mother, shelter, food, knowing we belong, protection from dangers.

Do accidents ever happen at home? At times they do: somebody falls down and hurts himself; somebody else was burned.

Are there many such accidents? Are they ever serious? In one year 34,500 people were killed in accidents at home, 150,000 were permanently disabled, nearly 500,000 were injured and as a result lost time from work or school and had to spend money on doctor bills.

Could such accidents in many instances have been avoided, and in what way? Since these accidents occur in homes, is home a place to be afraid—remembering also the things that make us feel safe there?

What is it that we should fear? At this point, of course, you stop and listen for a unanimous shout: "Carelessness!"

There is no reason to be afraid in any situation that we can control if we exercise our power of control.

The task of persuading every individual to fasten personal responsibility on himself is more difficult.

## A Junior Red Cross Smile

A Junior Red Cross speaker told a group of kindergartners about an interesting dog whose only fault was that he would not put his toys away. He left the

ball and his bones under foot. Faces grew very serious and slightly embarrassed. Then a small girl remarked that she understood exactly what was meant—some one at her house (and not a puppy) had left a ball on the floor. Her mother had fallen on it, spraining her ankle and had not been able to walk for a long time afterwards. Perhaps your very young members know or can make up a story about a puppy who would not put his toys away. Ought children be rather smarter than puppies?

## Where We All Come In

What things do we use daily at home? How can we use them with safety to ourselves and others?

The list is varied—electric fixtures, water faucets, kitchen utensils, such as knives or clothes wringers, cooking utensils on the stove, labor-saving devices for house work, the radio, stairs, bath tubs, rugs, polished floors. The simplest way may be to sort them out by rooms.

The kitchen is the most dangerous room in the house for burns; the bedroom for falls. Beside each cause, or kind of accident, write the way it can be avoided. Careful habits apply to individuals of any age. Care of equipment is usually the responsibility of parents; however, avoiding breaking furniture and fixtures is a primary responsibility of all members of a family or school.

It is always easier to advise another person than to shoulder our own responsibility—to point out stupidities of other drivers, to call attention to the carelessness of a brother or a sister. The task of accident prevention is for each person to take account of the places where accidents occur and the actions that cause them.

Responsibility may be as simple as merely respecting property rights by not meddling with what does not belong to us, not playing with matches, not getting medicine bottles, not fooling with guns, not playing in the street or road, which is public rather than private property. If there are no other play places, arrange to have some better place allotted. "Matteo's Parade" is interesting material for such a discussion.

If respect for property of others is important, respect for their persons is paramount. We protect those who are younger and inexperienced or aged and helpless, through providing proper play conditions indoors and out, for little children, or reducing hazards of falls for older people. We have responsibility toward one another in games and also for passers-by and should reach agreement on what is sporting in roller skating, ball, bicycling and coasting.

## Helpful Materials

Through your Red Cross Chapter, or if there is no Chapter, through National Headquarters, you may obtain the following free materials on accident prevention, in limited quantities:

"The Check List for Common Hazards in the Home and on the Farm." This is for communities of ten thousand population and under. You may have one of these check lists for each pupil. For larger communities, the Red Cross Chapter in cities sponsoring an accident prevention program will print suitable lists locally.

ARC 1023, "Injuries in the Home and on the Farm—How they are caused and how they can be prevented." This is a sixteen-page pictorial brochure. Each Chapter may have one for use in guiding class study. page handbook, etc. Any group of teachers wishing to organize a more thorough study may have one.

